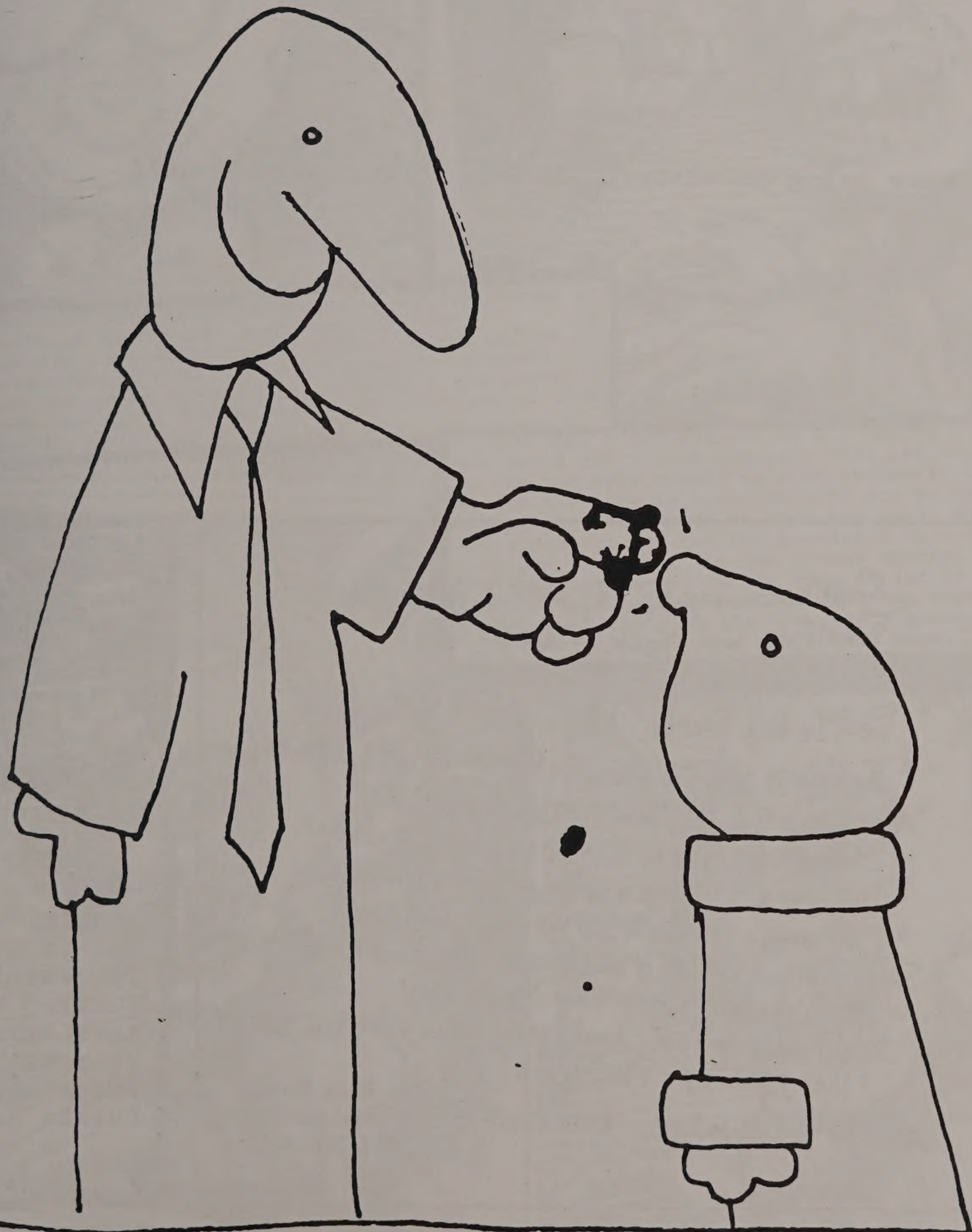


The

FORTY-3



• SNIFF •

FORTY-3

THE OFFICIAL MASSART COMIC



i hate being an editor. it's a shitty job. i quit.

STAFF

Something by Rev. Richard J. Mackin
Something by Jack Purcell
Something by Jeff Grader
"People kill People" by Kiyoung Kim
"The Oldest art student in the World" by Chris O'Brien
"Bughouse 8: the Bone Season" by Goat
Something else by Rev. Richard J. Mackin
"ARK 'me N' Venetia in Rose" by Eric Maki
"Cops and Robbers" by Dan Warner
Something by Jim d'aniello and alex Kouchahdjian
"The Severed head" by Mike Roy
Something by Eric bouffard, Jason chin, Kim Fletcher
"MR. Z7" by Paul AliX
Cover by MR. Seductive back cover by Rev. Rich Mackin
John Reis
Paul AliX

the

43

STAFF

the editor

goat

special thanks go out to the reusch for surely the FORTY-3 would not have existed this year without his effort. whatta fuckin guy.

all art and copyrights belong solely to their creators.

FORTY-3

c 1994

published by the student government and the cartoonist's committee

The other night i went to copy cop because i had to make a bunch of copies for a report i was doing anyway there was a reallyreally big fat security gaurd who asked if i go to that there a Masscollegeofart and i said i did and he said something like yea those kids at the Masscollegeofart had some interesting sense of style and then i went into the service line.

In front of me there was this guy that i earlier saw dumping out a can of beer he was wearing a kind of overall work suit with two sets of identical keys hanging from the belt. He had the most dirty dirty hands that i had ever seen he was missing a front tooth and it looked like he had replaced it with a peice of paper that he had folded up many times.



He was there to make some busybusiness cards but he didnot seem to know how to he didnot say what they were for I worked for police actions he said i dont like the police but i worked in the army i flew i lifted things and dropped bombs and dropped all sorts of bombs the size of a battleship so you really know how big a battleship is if a battleship came up to a continant it would make a difference.

Once when i was walking in the woulds i passed by a mother and child and i came across a crow and what the crow showed me was the crow showed me that the child had a medical emergen cy now the crow is a serios bird now he he doesnot fool around you see and he showed me that the child had a medical emergency and i was able to get the ambulance to come and save the childs life and they sent for the animal control and the man therehe let the crow he killed the crow he let it die but the life of the child was saaved but the crow had saved the life of the child so if anything the crow had a stronger life force. i had my cpoies made and i went home...

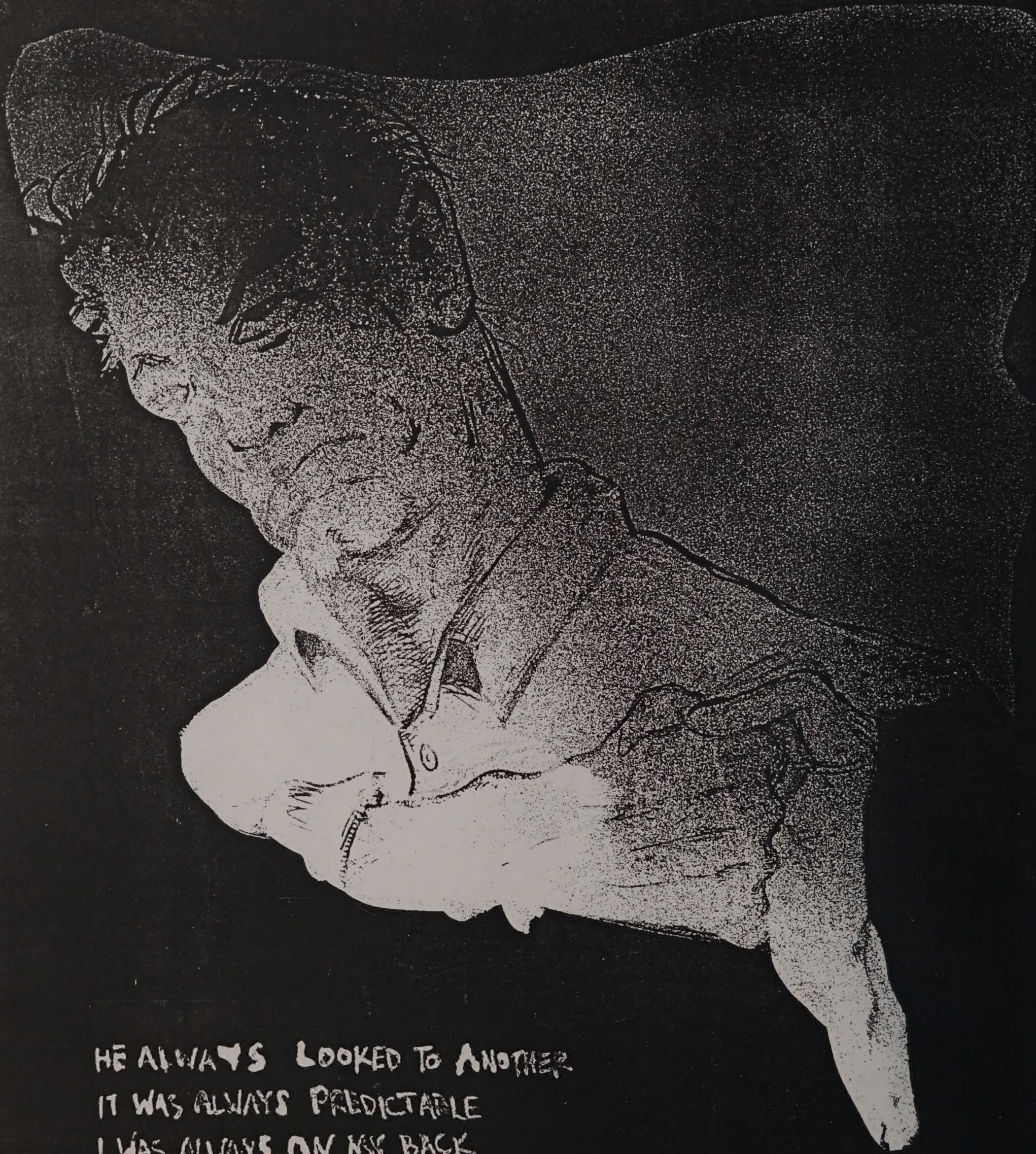





I WAS DRAGGED THROUGH MILES OF INJUSTICE
DISEASED FOR DAYS, BUT ENDURING FOREVER



MY HEART WAS TORN
SO SMOOTHLY WITHOUT A TRACE
BUT COULD NEVER BE REPAIRED



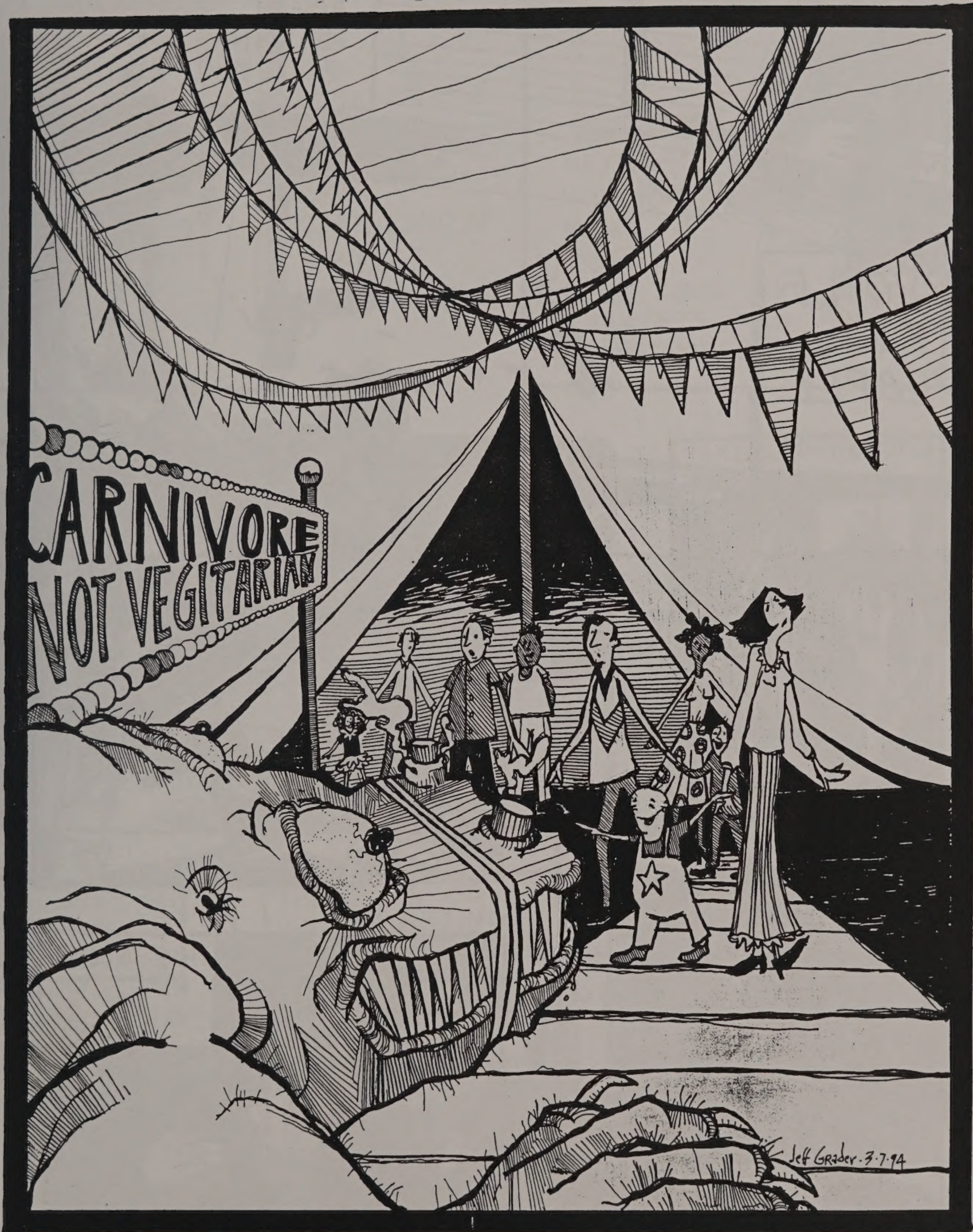
HE ALWAYS LOOKED TO ANOTHER
IT WAS ALWAYS PREDICTABLE
I WAS ALWAYS ON HIS BACK



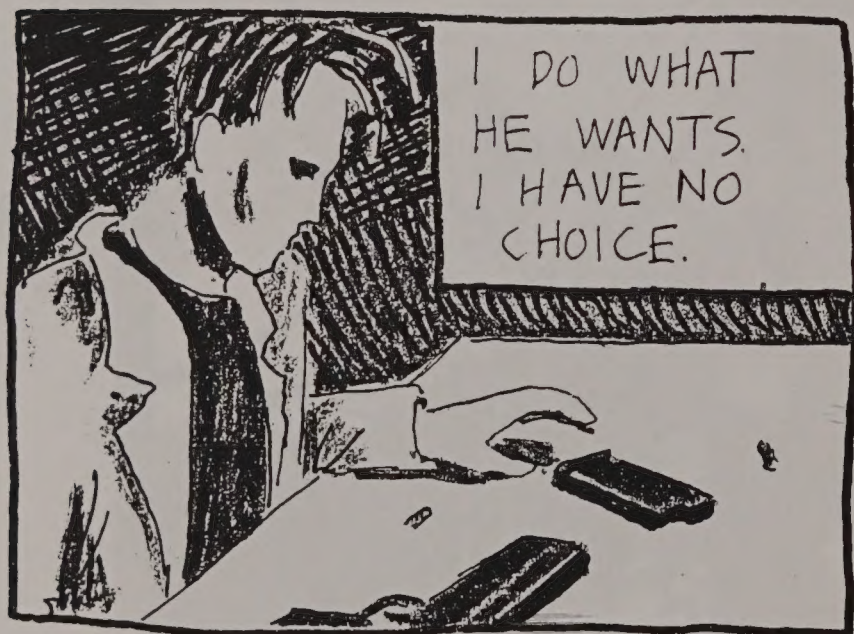
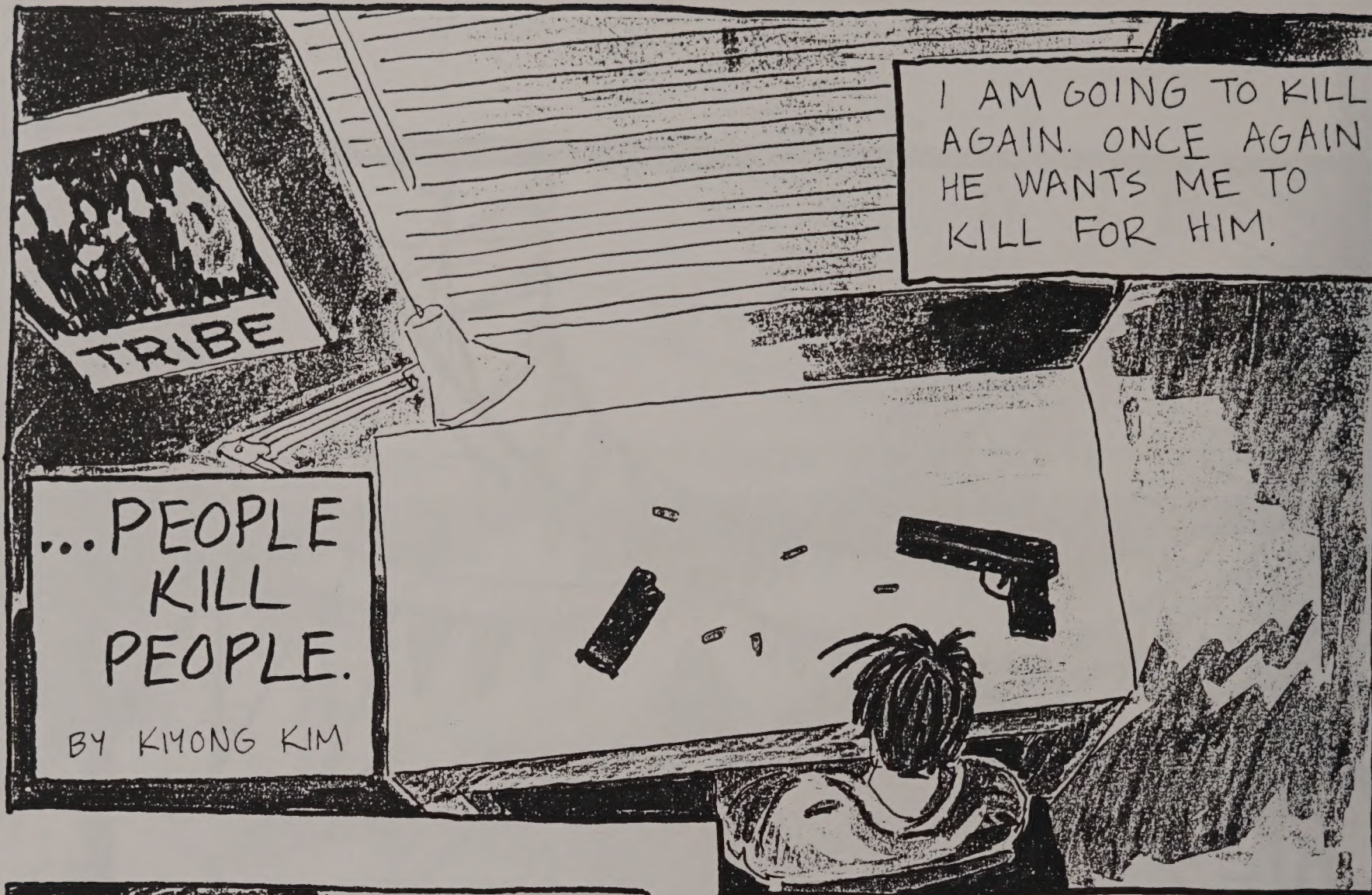
MY PRETTY FACE AND PERFECT BODY
WILL NOT SAVE ME FROM THE
PULSATING SKYS

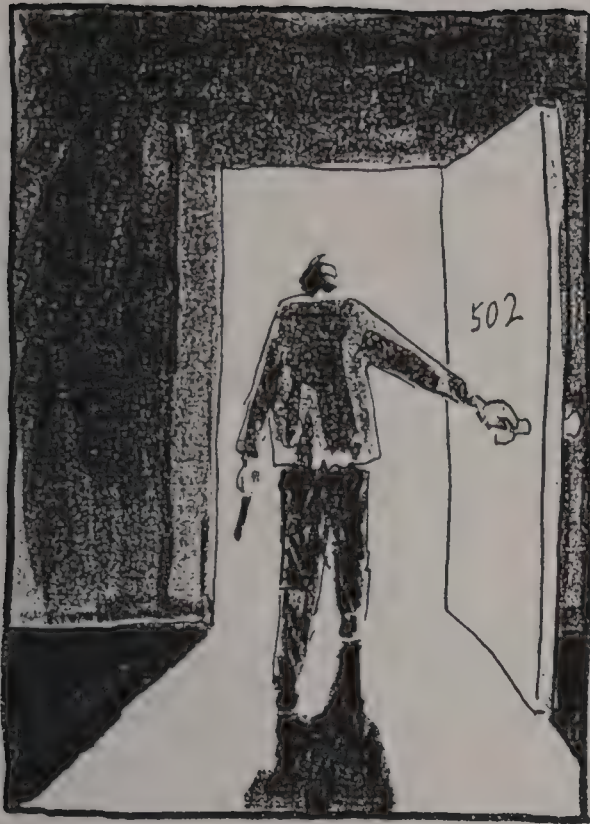


AT LEAST I WISH THAT WAS MY PAST.

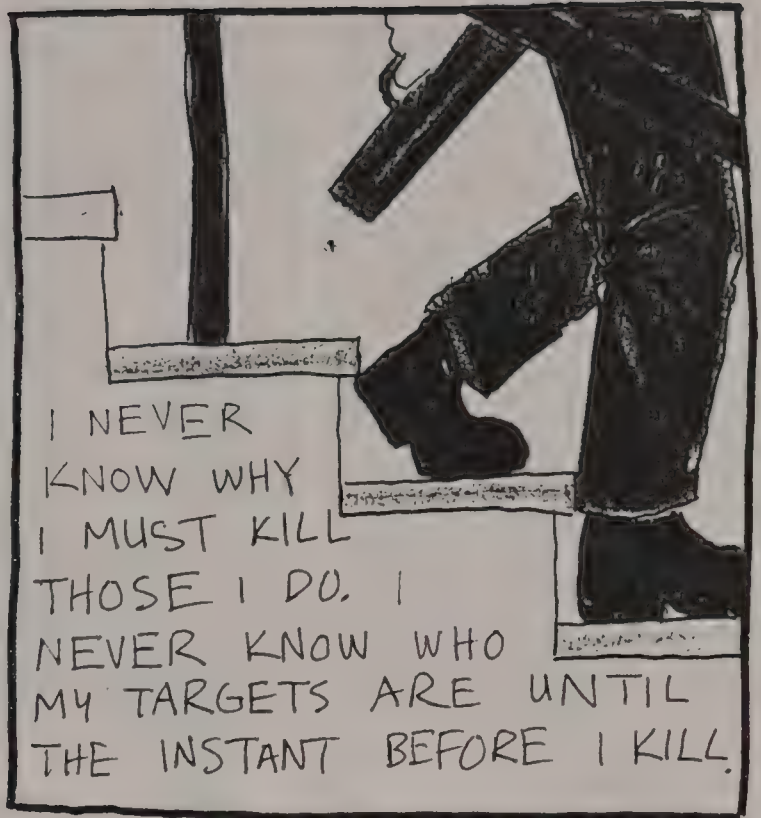


COME AND Pet THE HORRIBLE BEAST— IF YOU DARE!





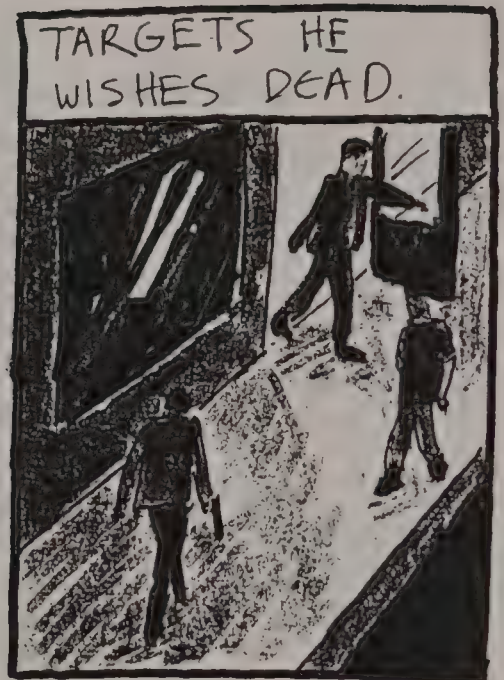
HE IS STRONG,
FOR HE HAS
CONTROL OVER
ME, BUT
WITHOUT ME,
CAN HE KILL?
DOES HE HAVE
THAT KIND OF
POWER?
I DON'T KNOW.



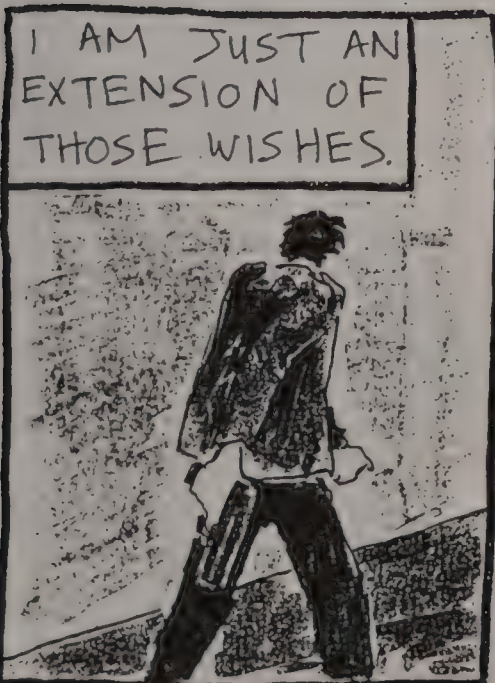
I NEVER
KNOW WHY
I MUST KILL
THOSE I DO. I
NEVER KNOW WHO
MY TARGETS ARE UNTIL
THE INSTANT BEFORE I KILL.



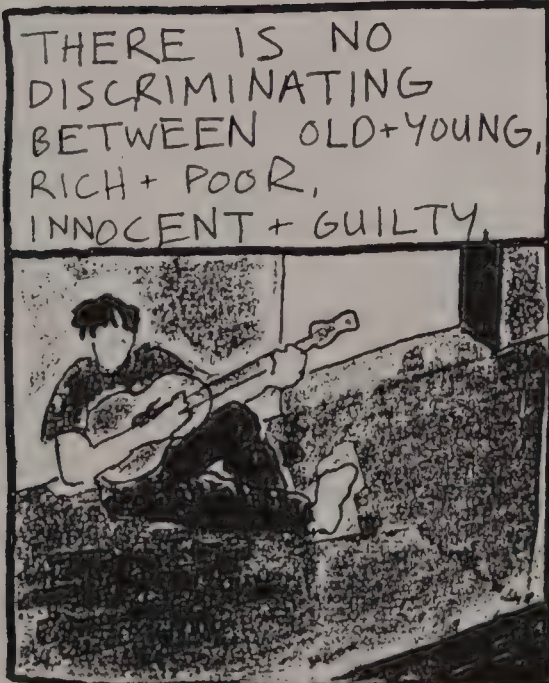
THAT'S ALL
THEY ARE
TO ME...
TARGETS.



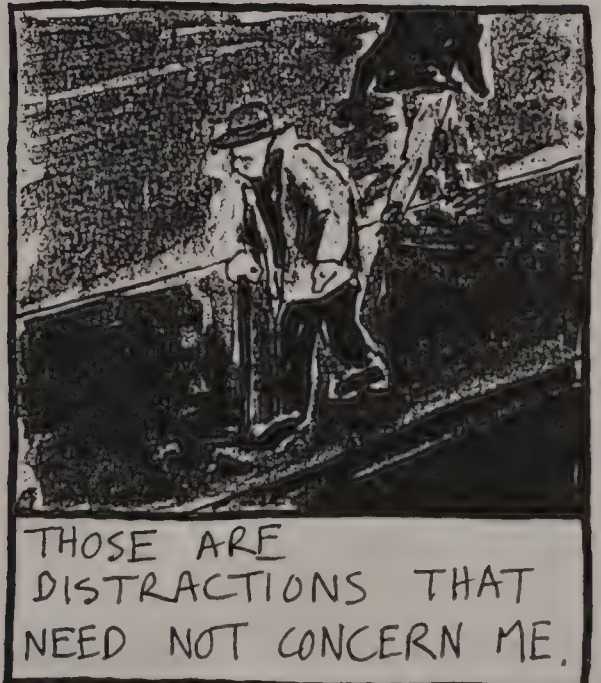
TARGETS HE
WISHES DEAD.



I AM JUST AN
EXTENSION OF
THOSE WISHES.



THERE IS NO
DISCRIMINATING
BETWEEN OLD+YOUNG,
RICH+POOR,
INNOCENT+GUILTY.



THOSE ARE
DISTRACTIONS THAT
NEED NOT CONCERN ME.



HIS GRIP ON ME
TIGHTENS...
IT IS TIME.



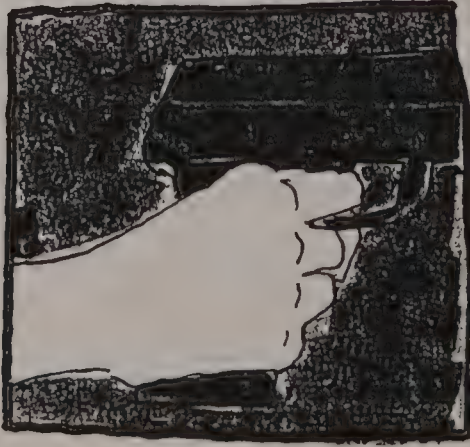
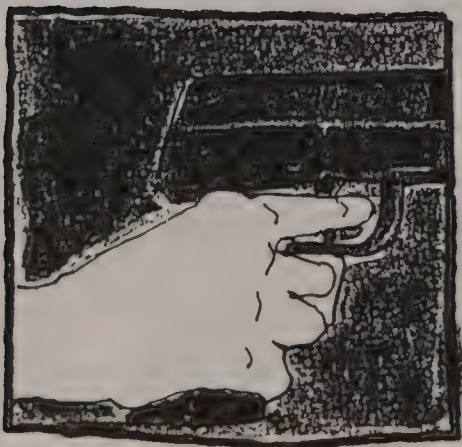
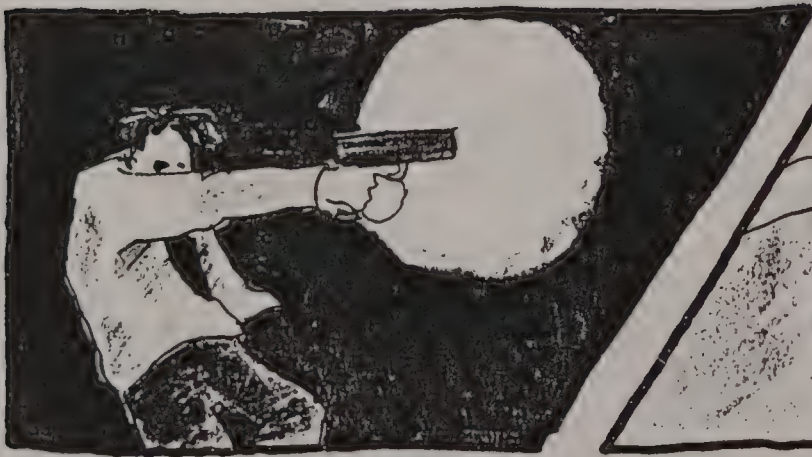
I SEE MY
TARGETS.



THERE
ARE
THREE.

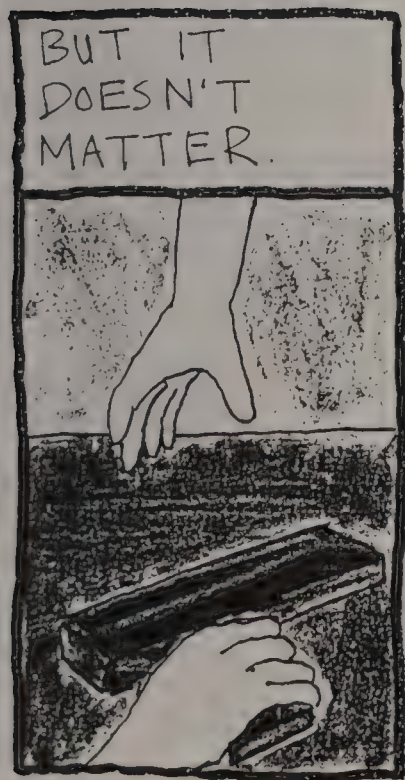
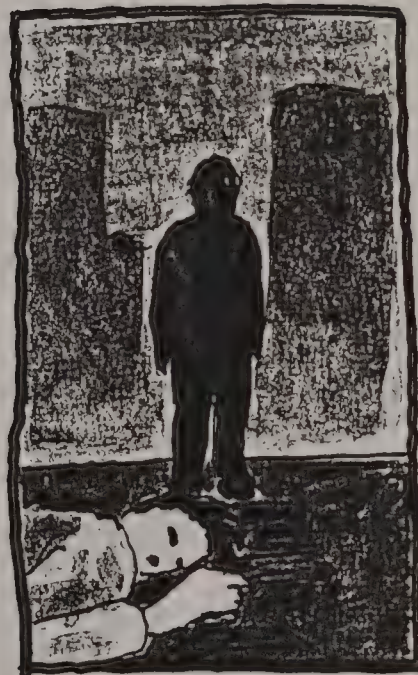


THEY WILL
DIE.

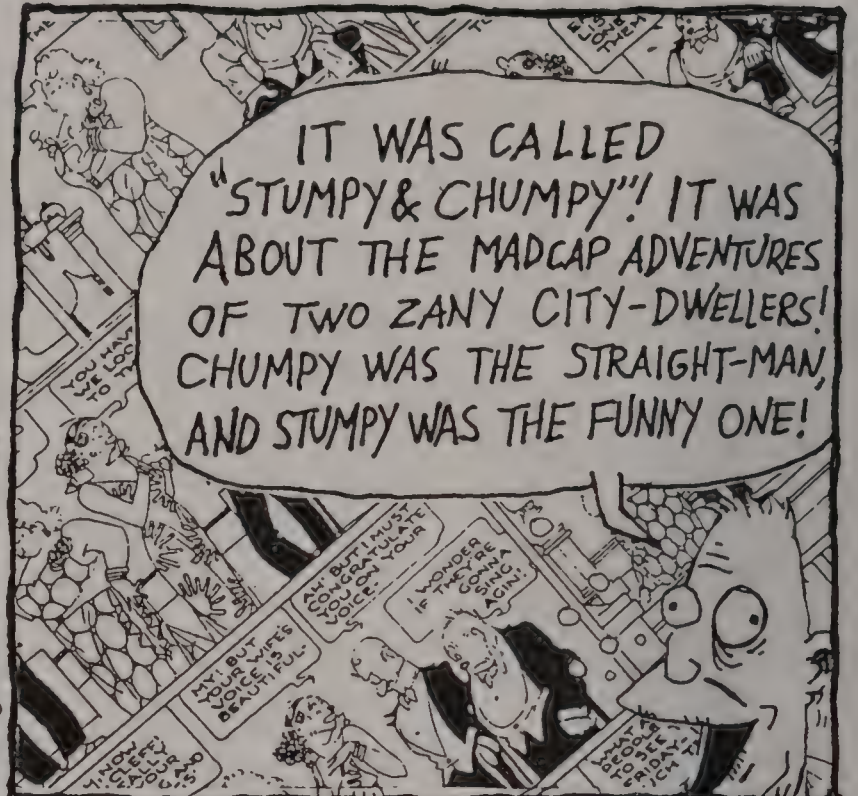
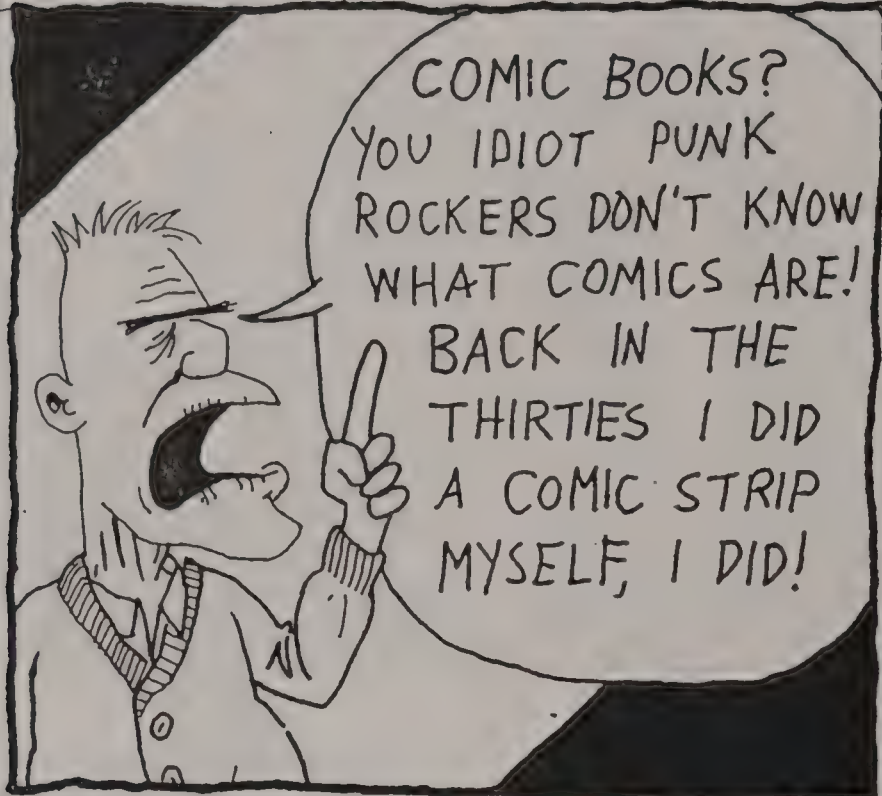


B
A
N
G



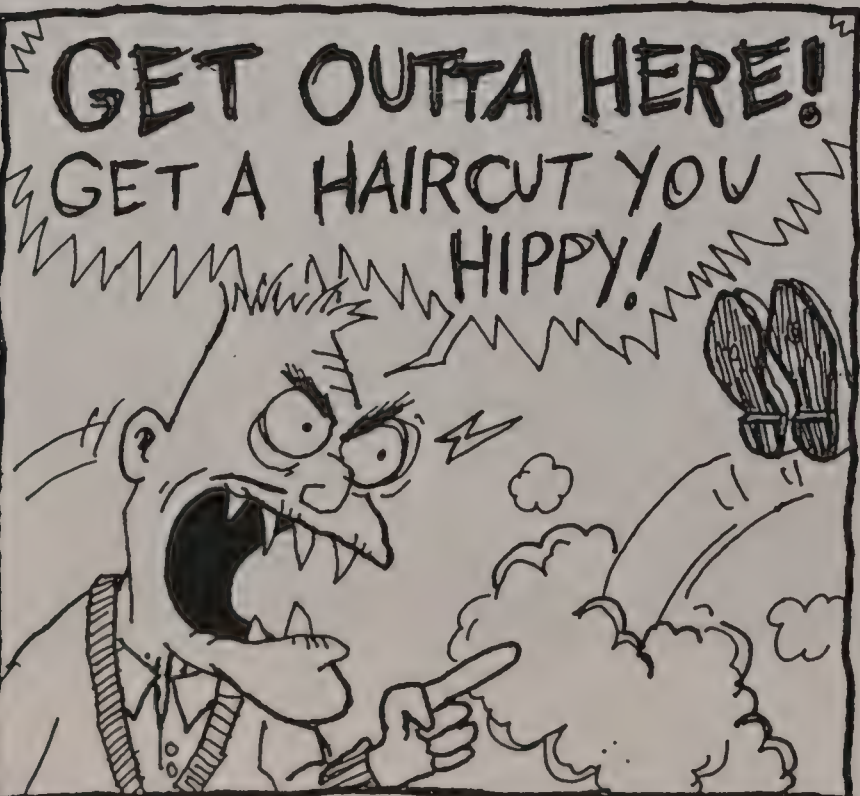


THE OLDEST ART STUDENT IN THE WORLD!

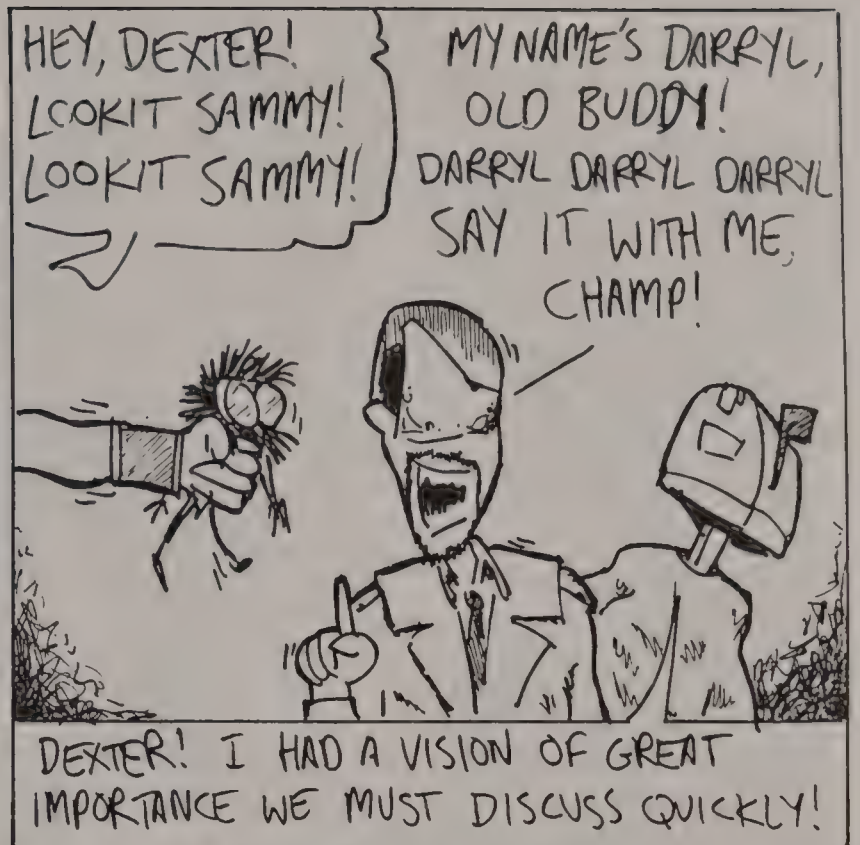


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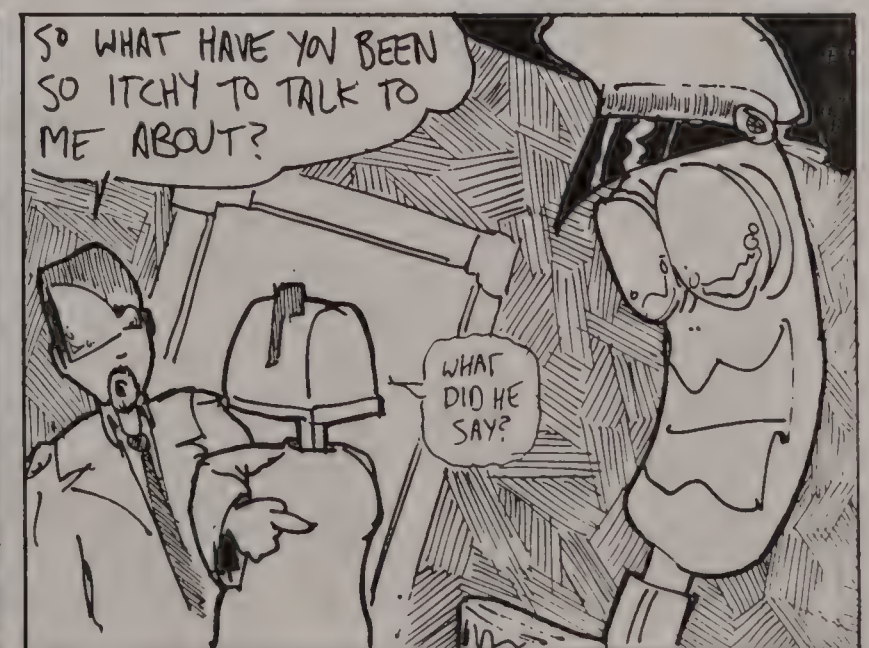
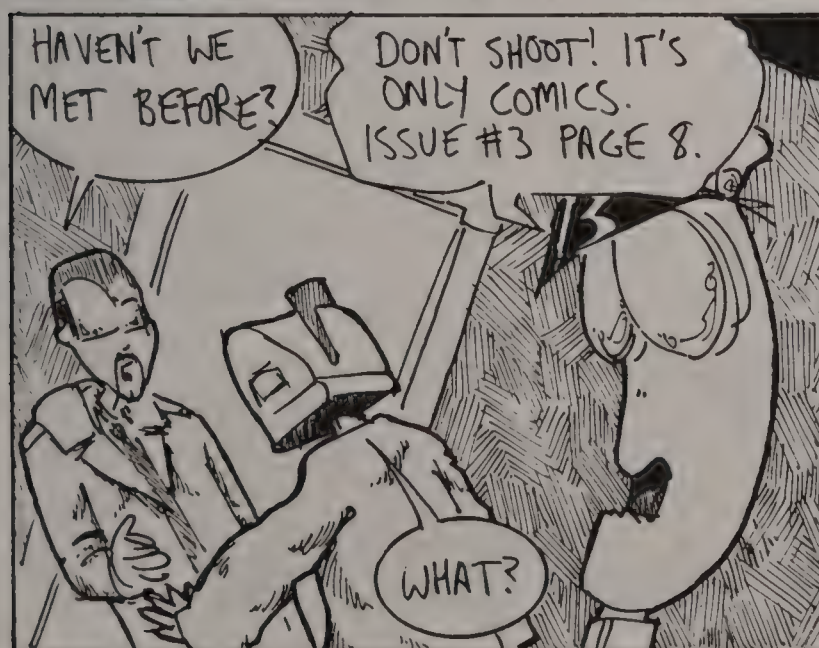
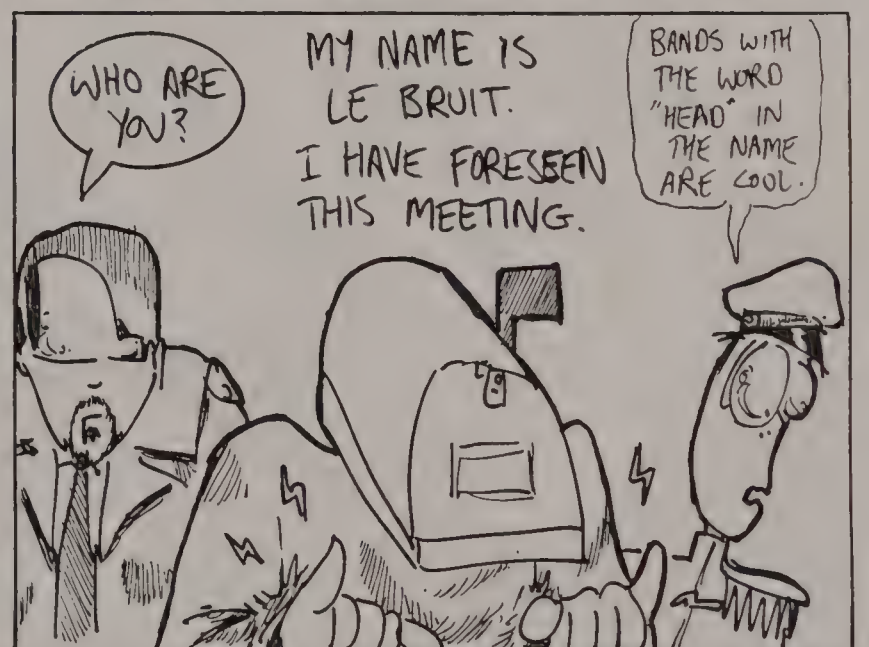
WELL, I DO A COMIC THAT'S SORTA
LIKE THAT. IT'S CALLED "SLOBGLUT." IT'S
ABOUT FRENCH PHILOSOPHER ROUSSEAU AND
A CANVAS BAG FULL OF GOAT GENITALS.

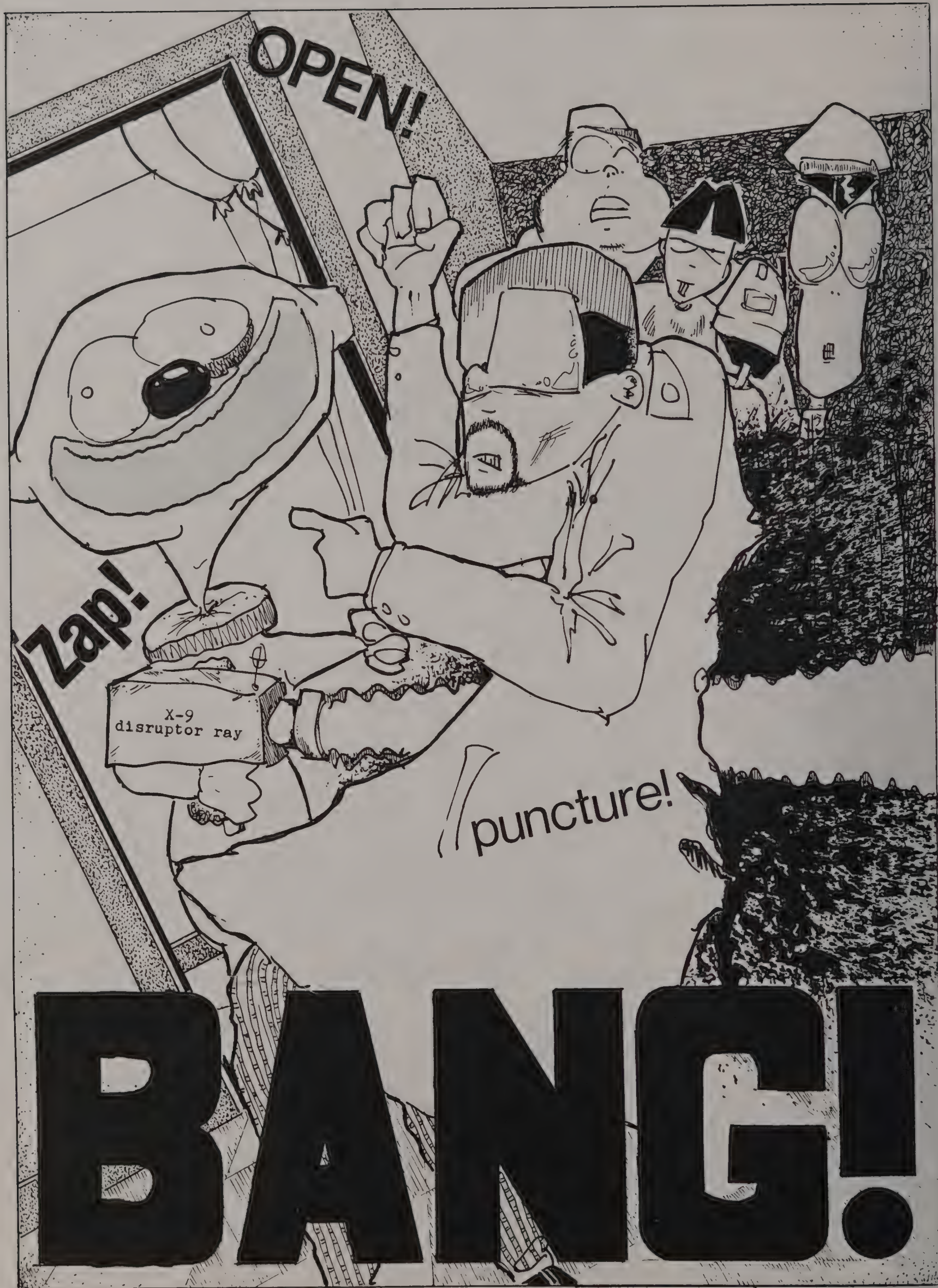


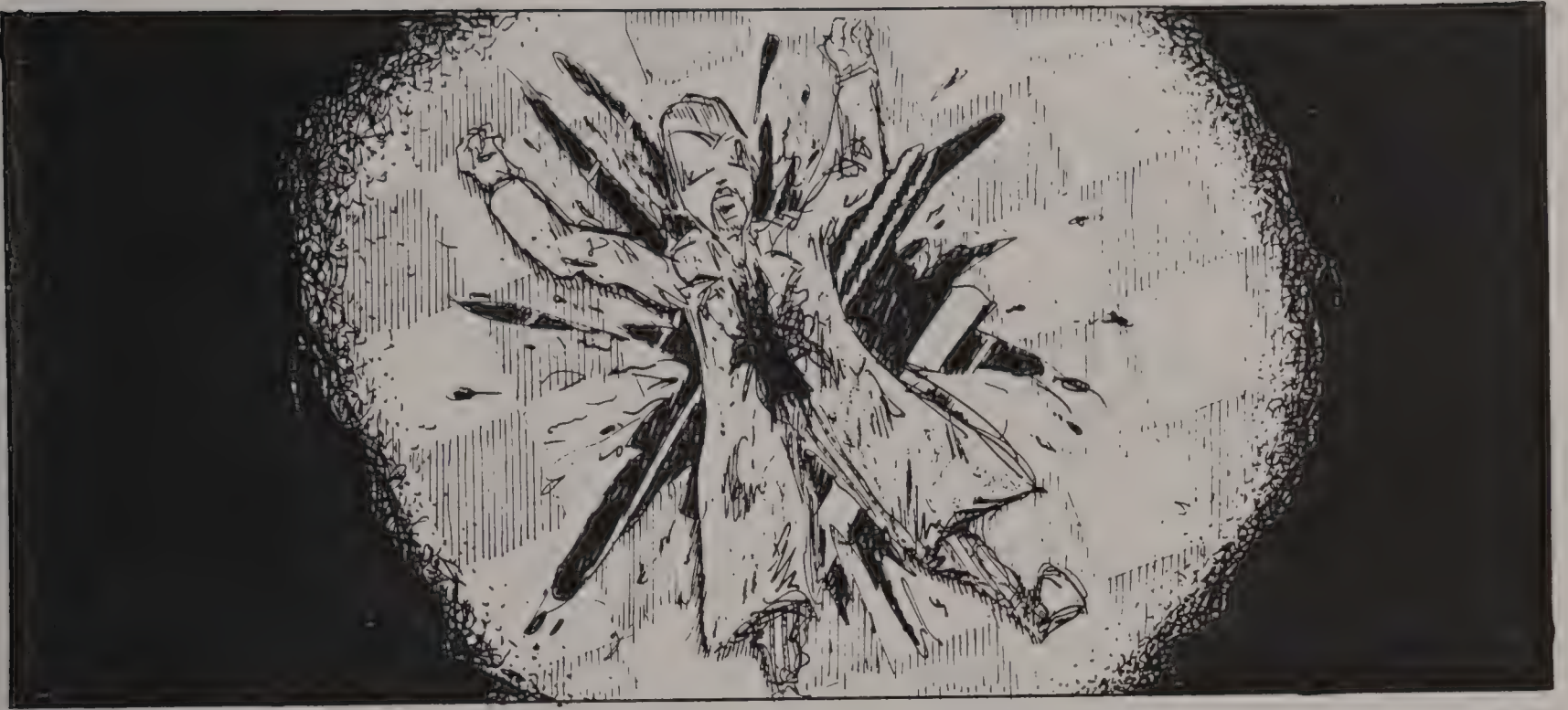
by Chris O'Brien



BUGHOUSE THE BONE SEASON GOAT



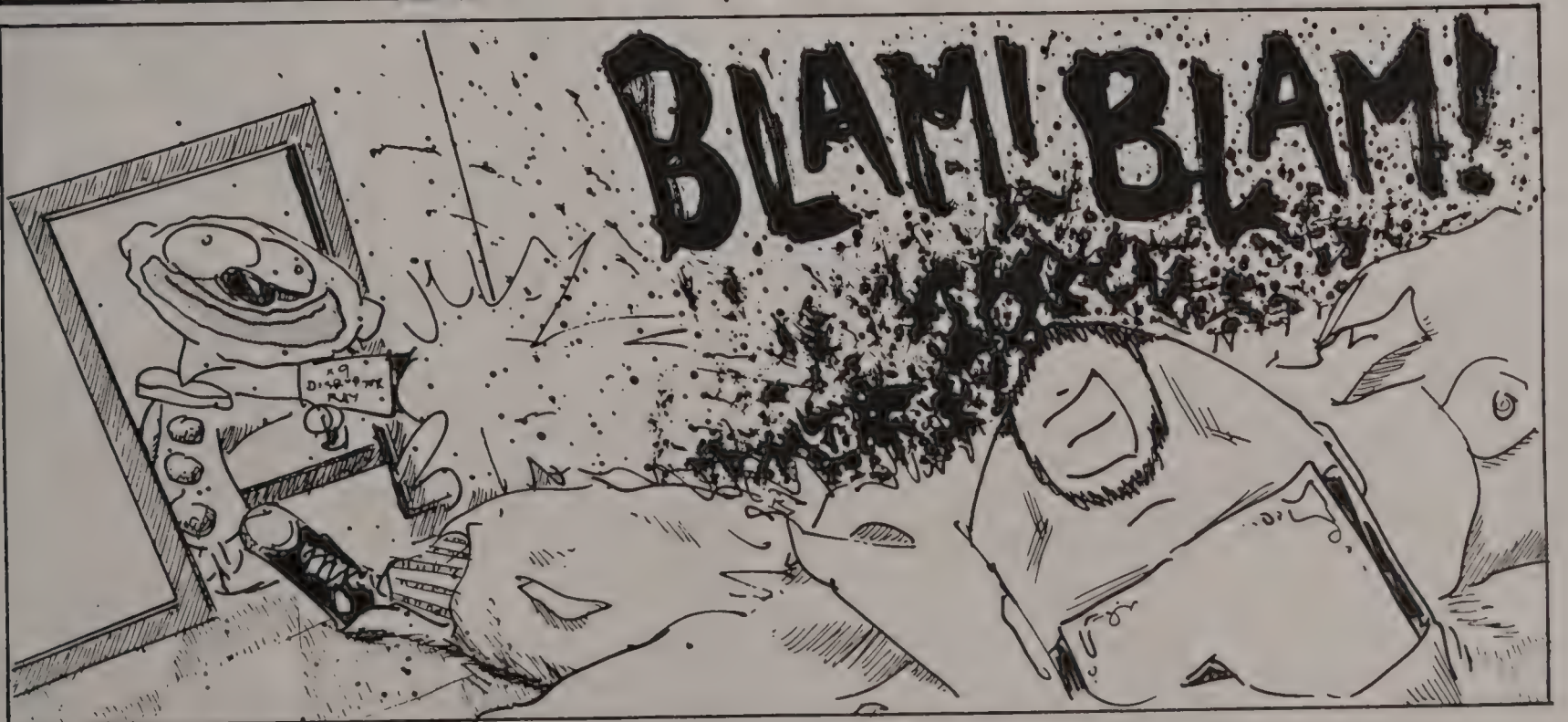




I WAS GOING TO TELL YOU THAT FOR NO APPARENT REASON, A CLOWN NAMED ERNIE WAS GOING TO OPEN THAT DOOR AND BLOW YOUR FREAKIN' GUTS OUT.

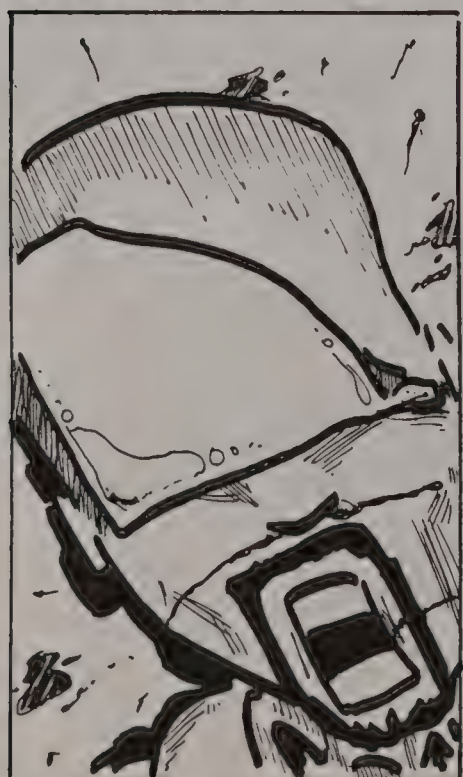
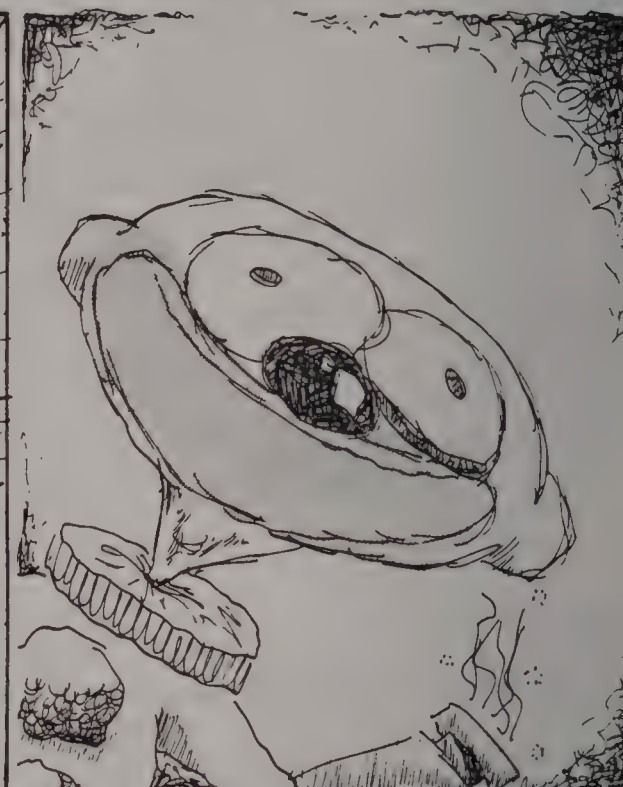
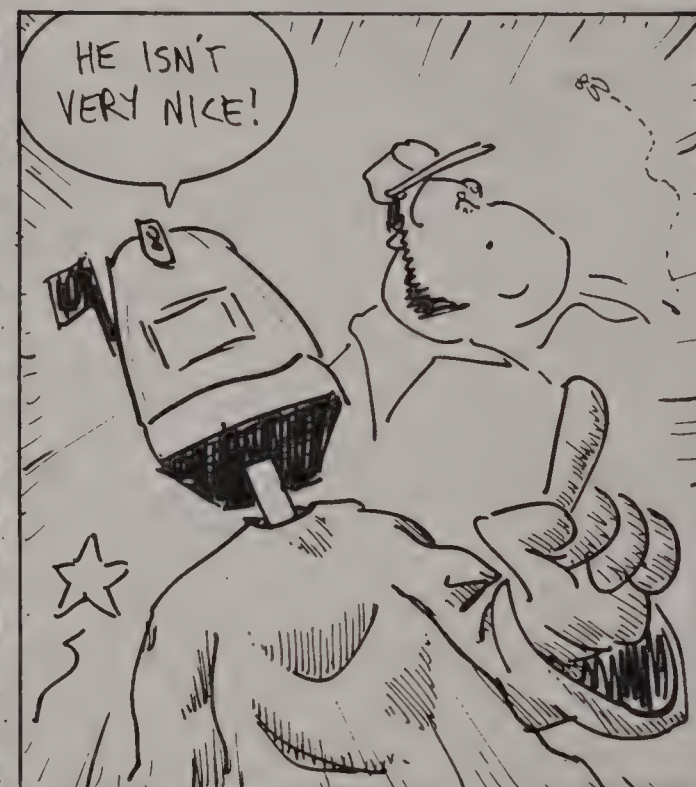
I THINK HE'S HURT.

RELAX, TINHEAD! HE'S THE MAIN CHARACTER! HE CAN'T BE DEAD!





BLAM!
BLAM!
BLAM!
BLAM!
BLAM!



1993

BIBLE SOCIETY OF HOLLAND
the end



TRKÄME N'
IENETII

IN

ROSE

© NAK
1993



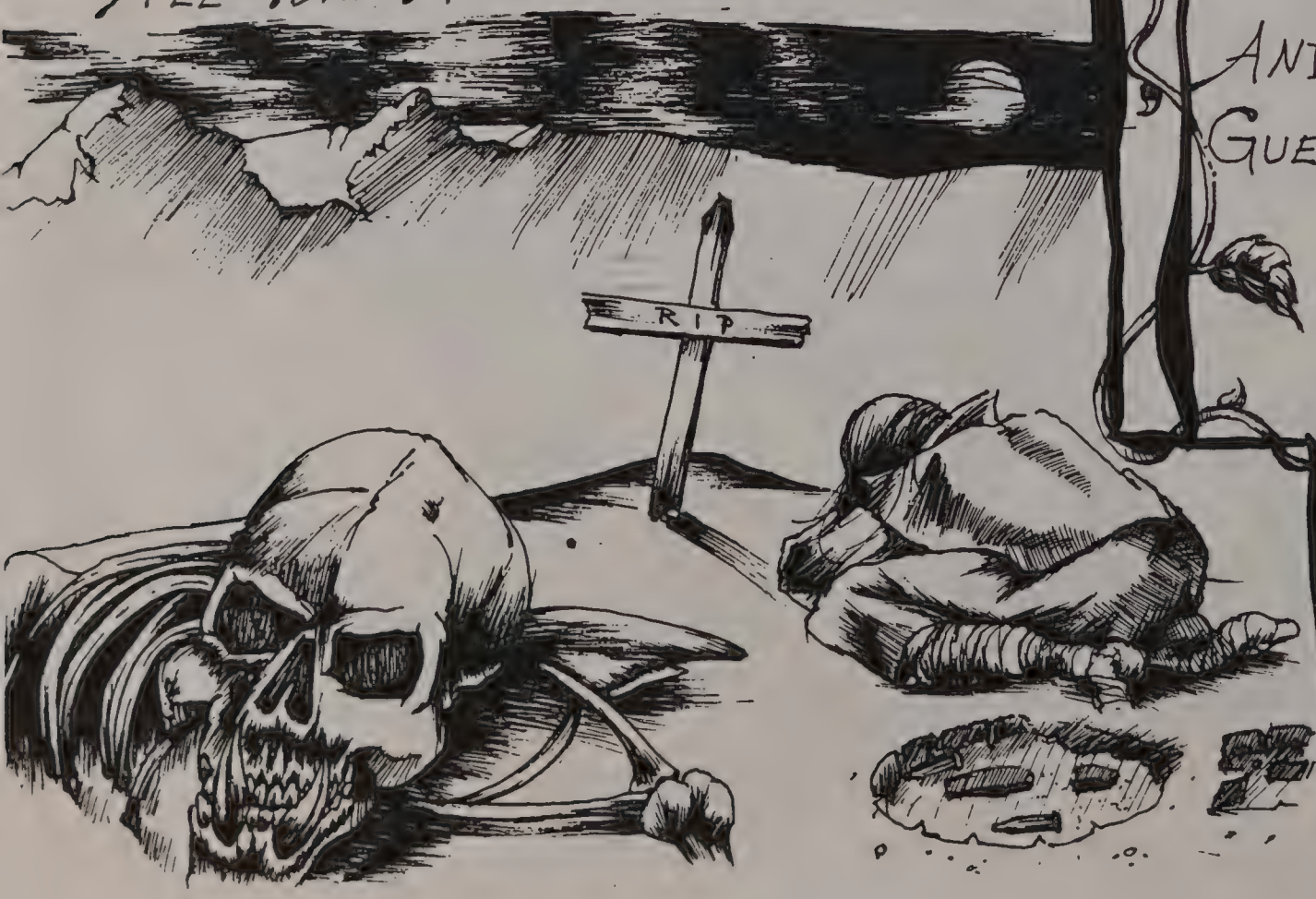
THEY ARE SHAPESHIFTERS, FEARED
BY HUMANS AND CHASED TO
EXTINCTION.



ARKANE IS THE LAST SURVIVOR
OF A BAND OF RANGERS WHO
HAD REMAINED IN SOLITUDE UNTIL
THEY WERE EVENTUALLY OVERPOWERED
AND SLAUGHTERED.



THEY WERE NEAR IMMORTAL...
BUT NOT IN FULL. THEY
ALL HAVE A WEAKNESS.



THE LOVELY VENETIA
IS HIS COMPANION
AND PARTNER, I
GUESS.



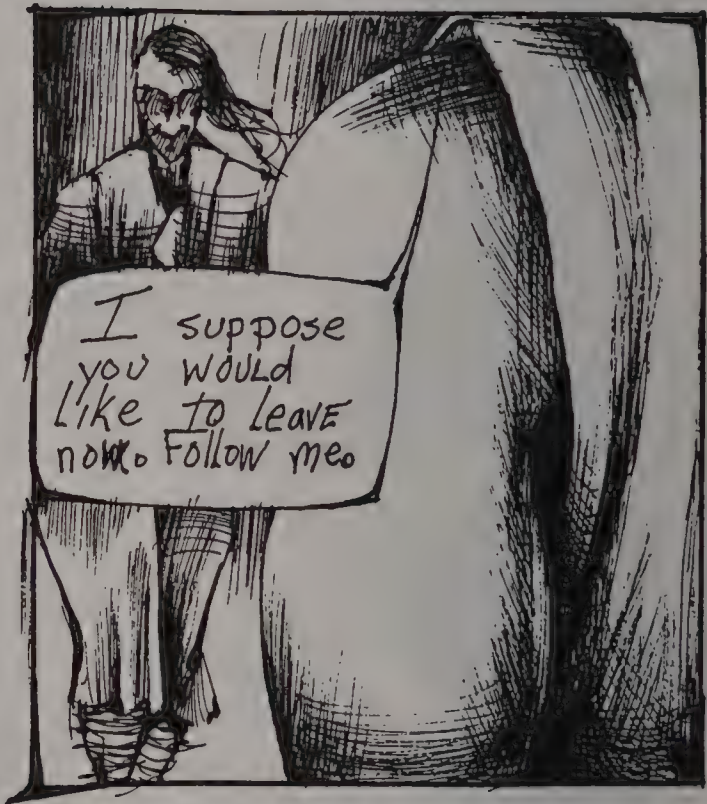
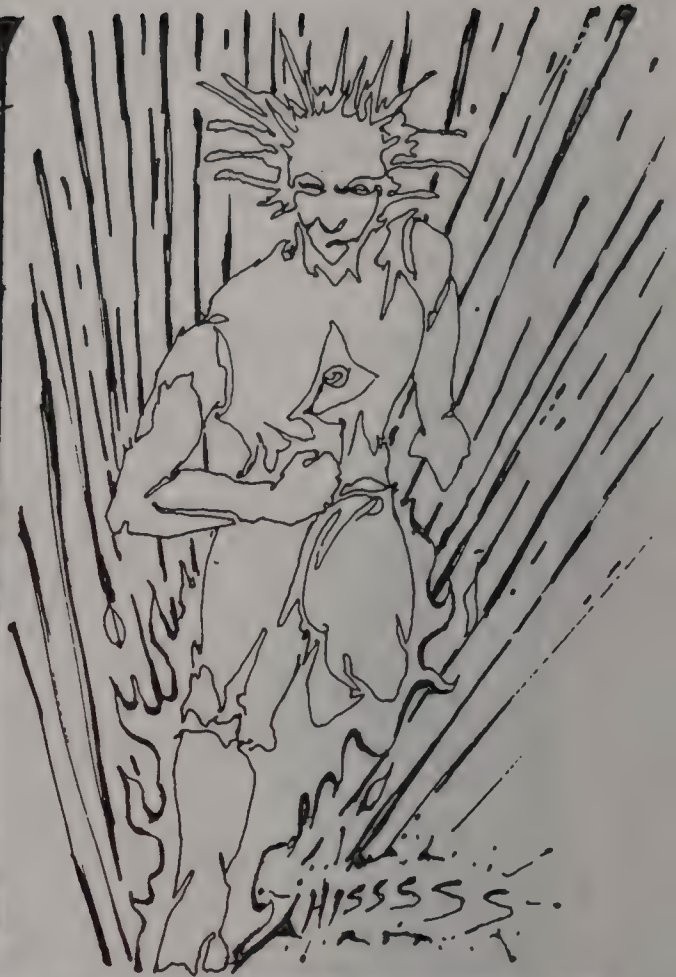
SHE HAS NO STUNNING
BACKGROUND HISTORY OF
BATTLES AND HORROR,
JUST HIDING.

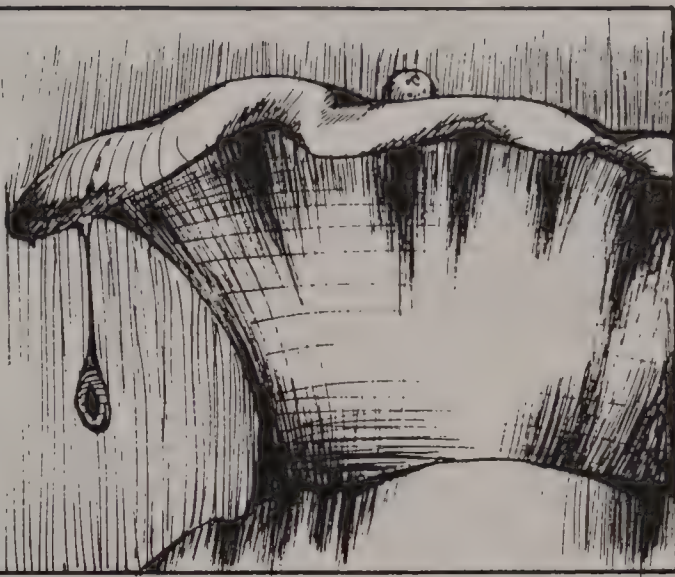
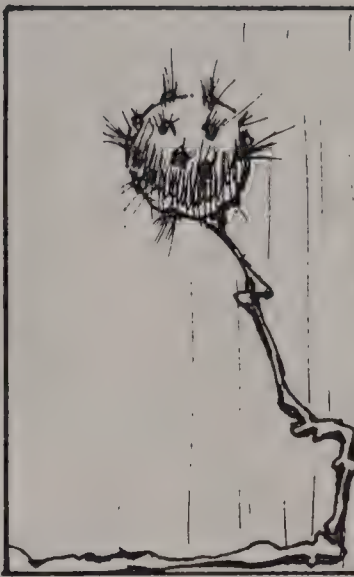
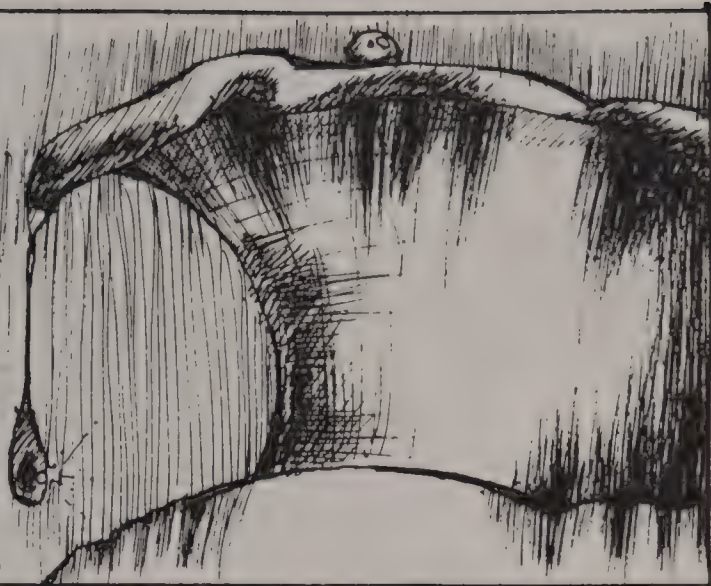
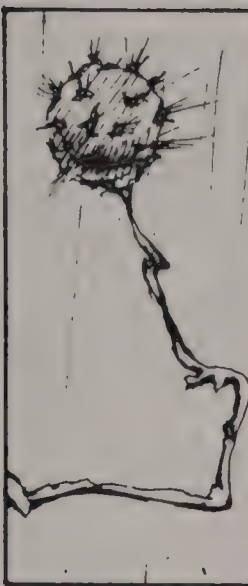
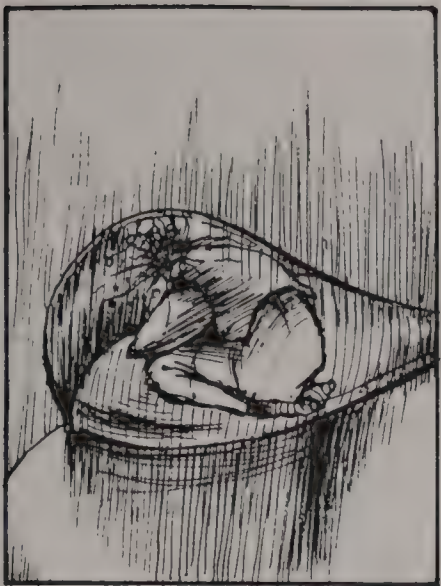


THAT IS THE WAY WITH
MANY CITY PEOPLE;
NOT TO BE NOTICED. SOONER
OR LATER, EVERYONE IS
NOTICED.



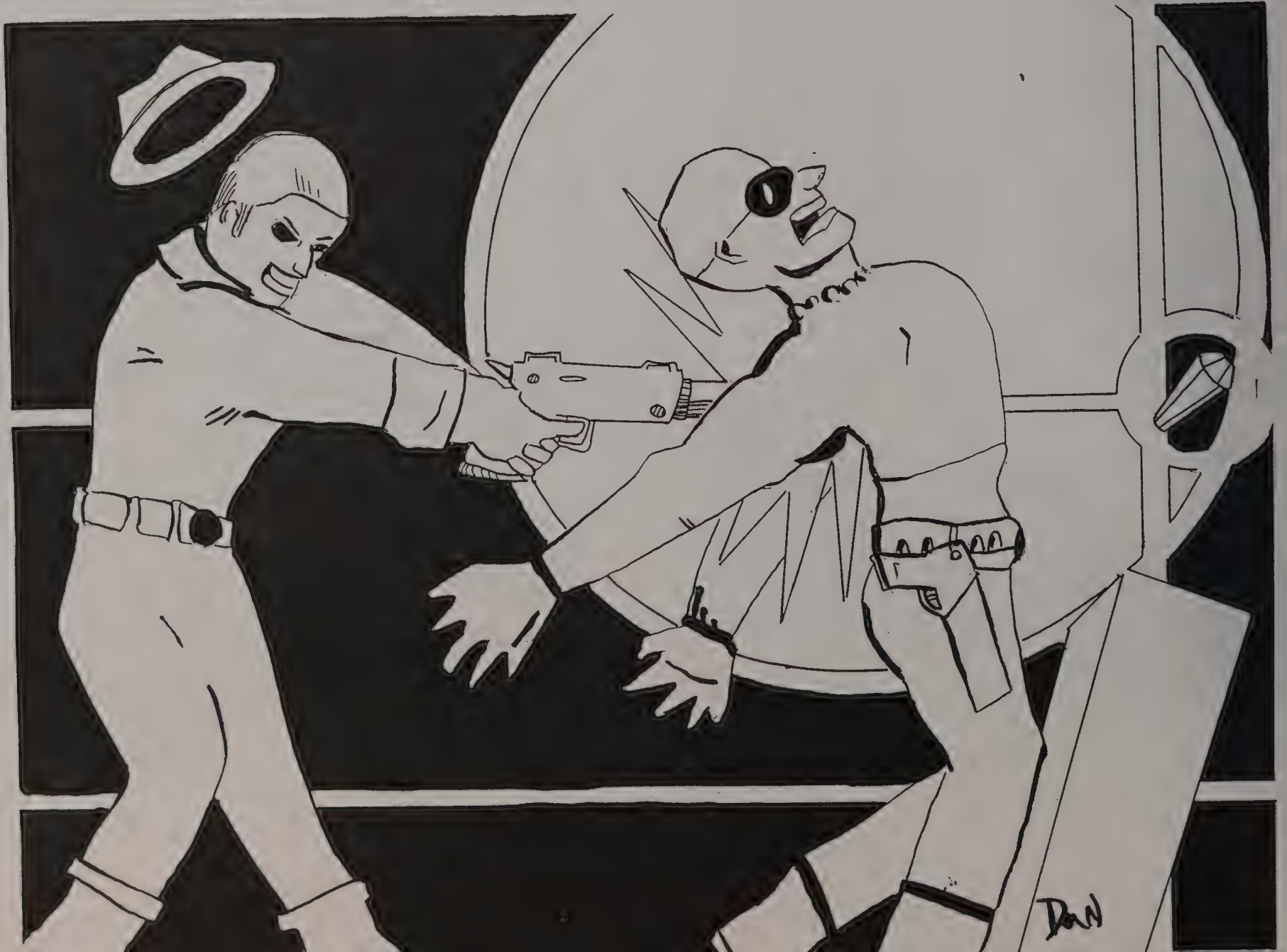
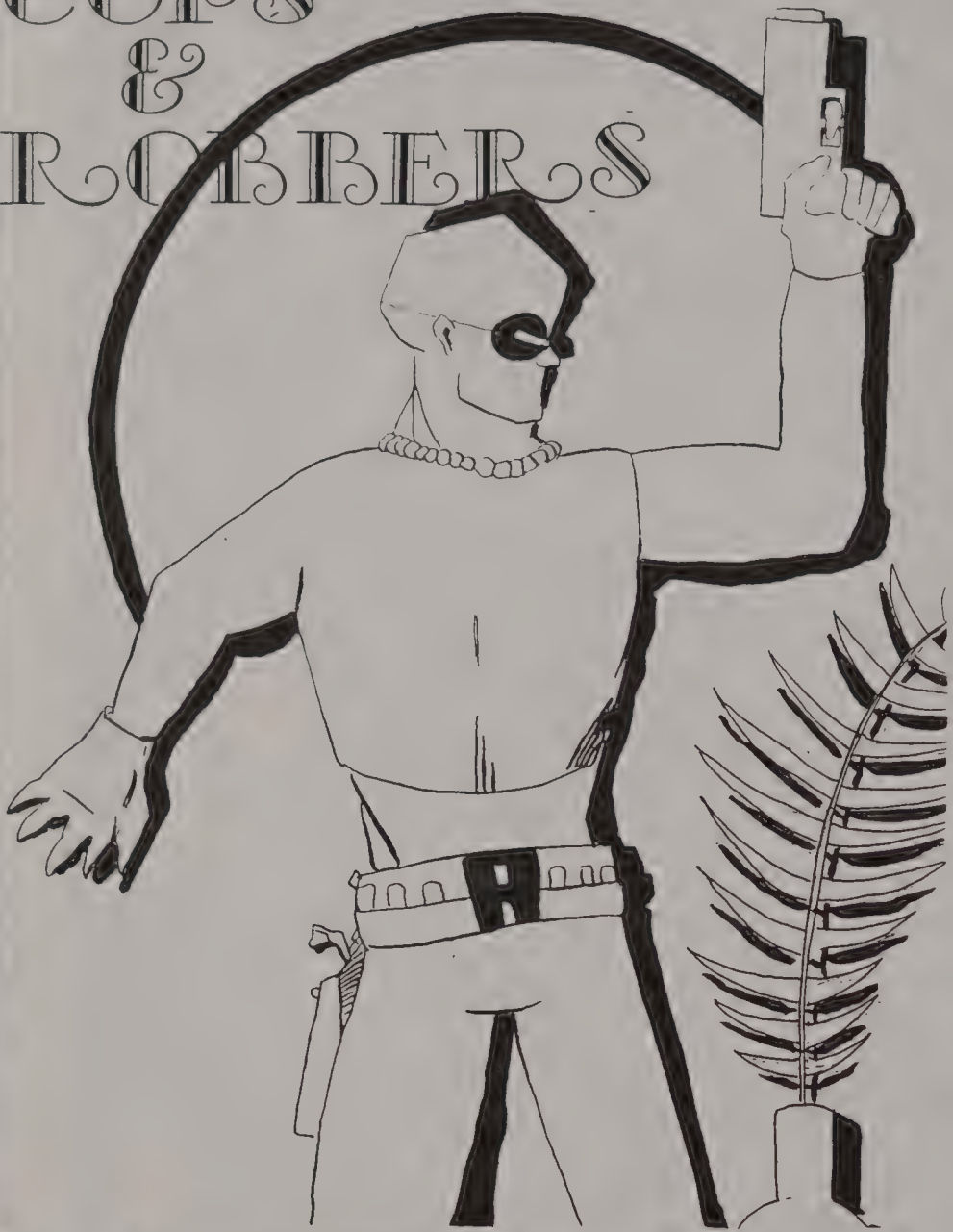
THAT'S THE HISTORY, NOW
THE GAMES BEGIN.





...TO BE CONTINUED...

COPS & ROBBERS





WHAT'S IN THE
BAG BANKER BOY?

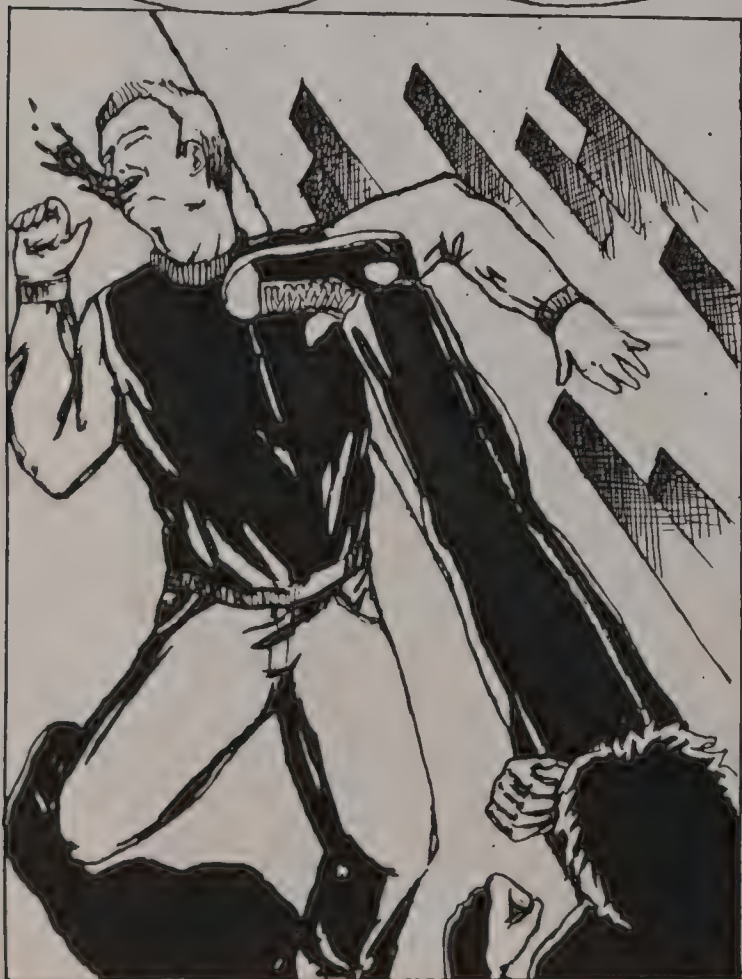
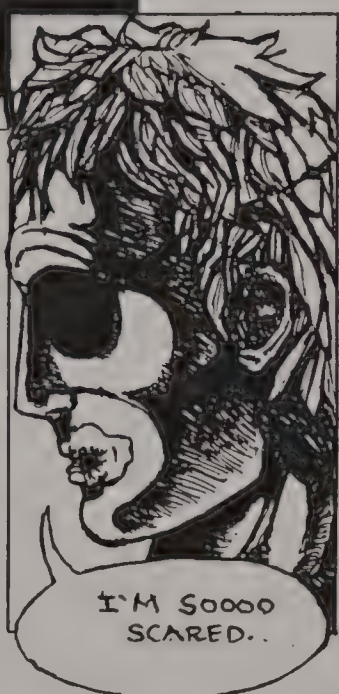
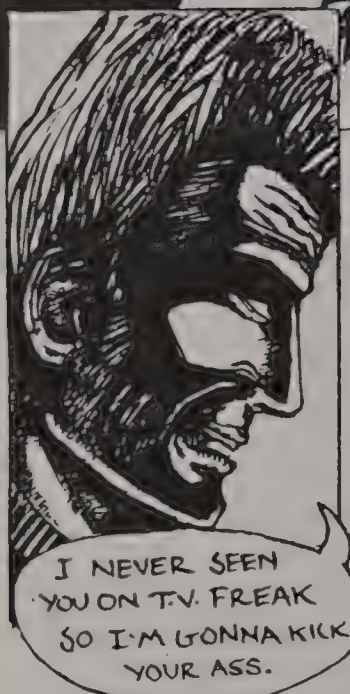
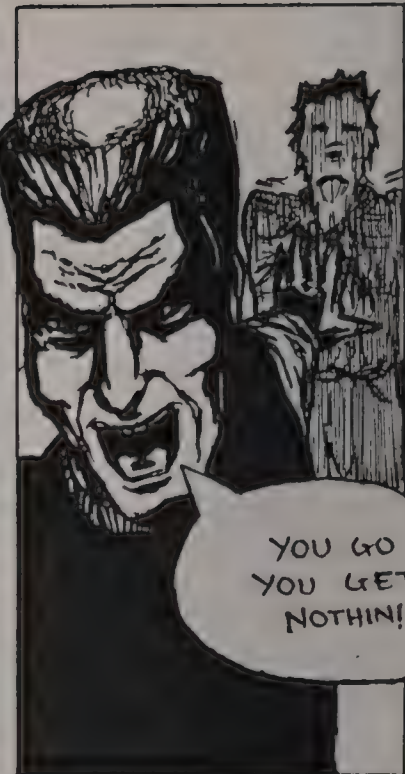
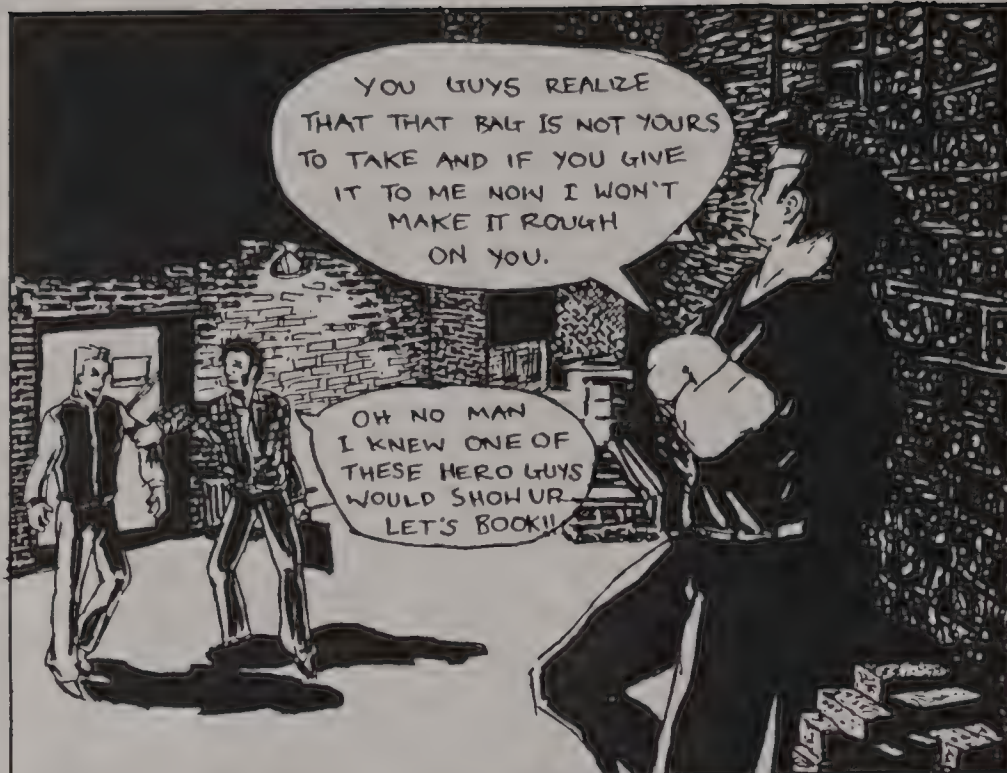


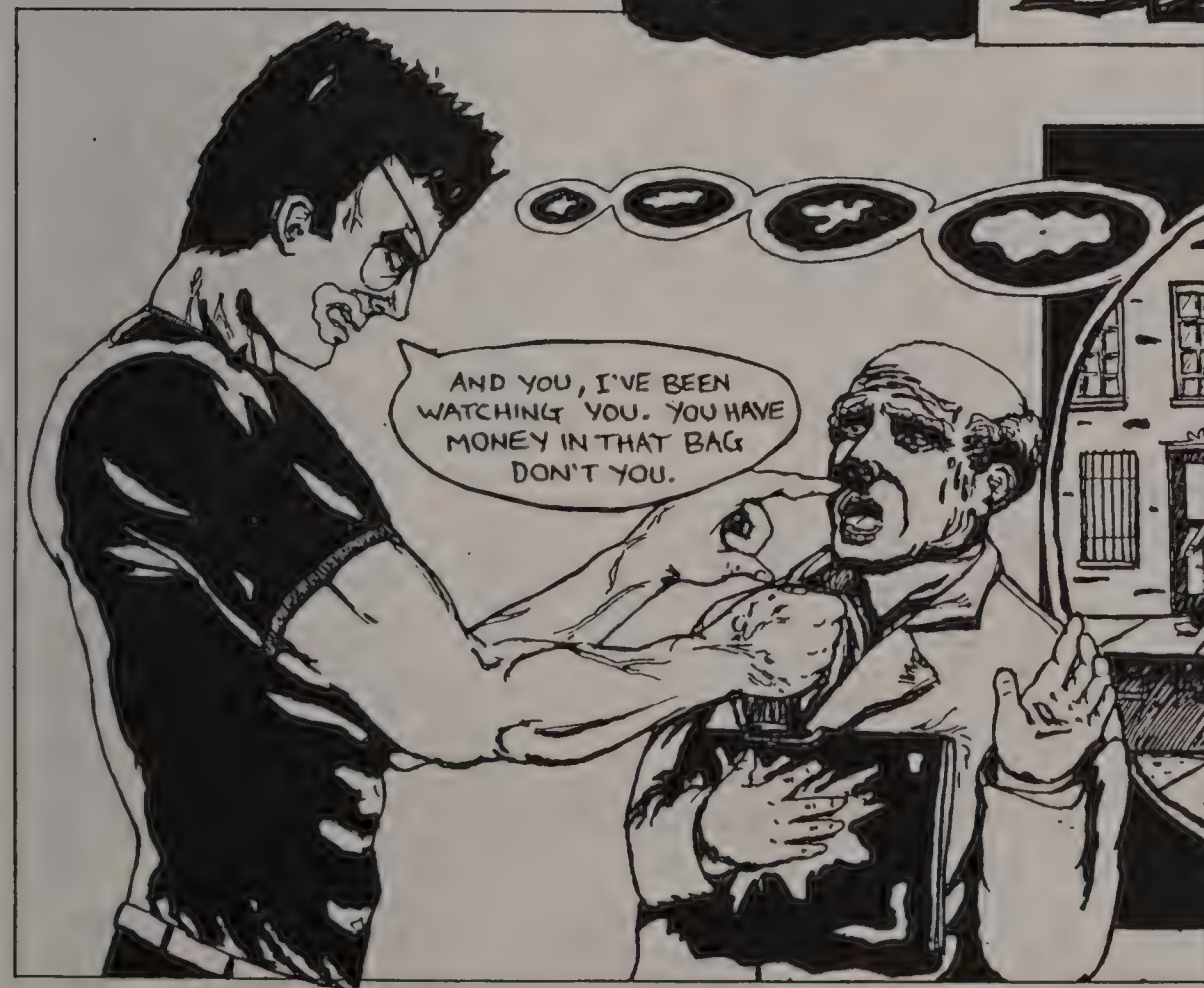
NONE OF YOUR
BUSINESS YOUNG MAN.

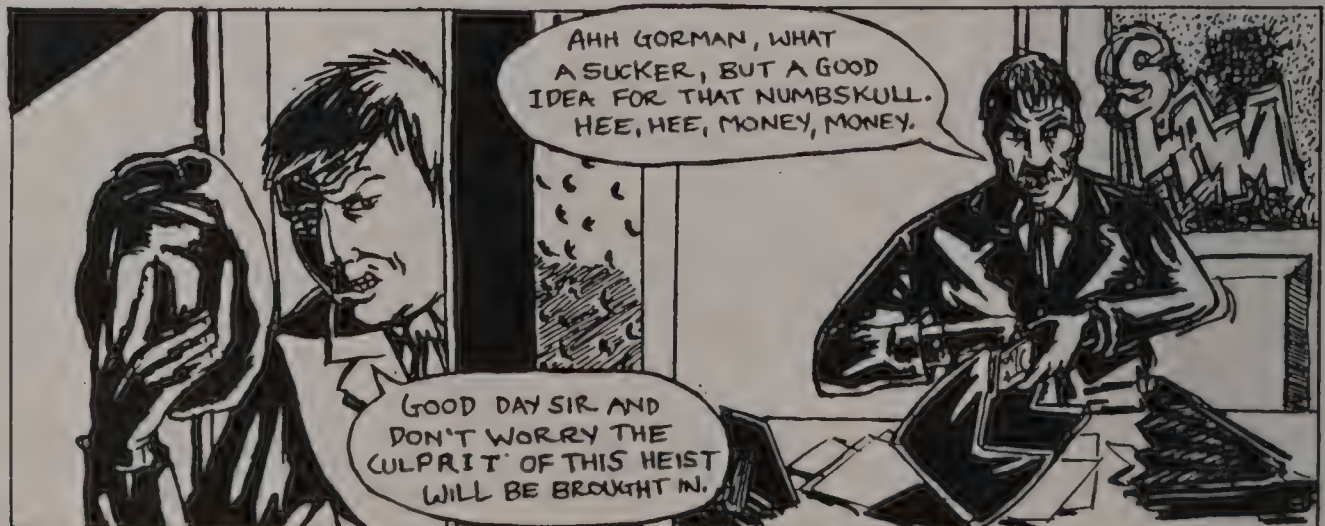
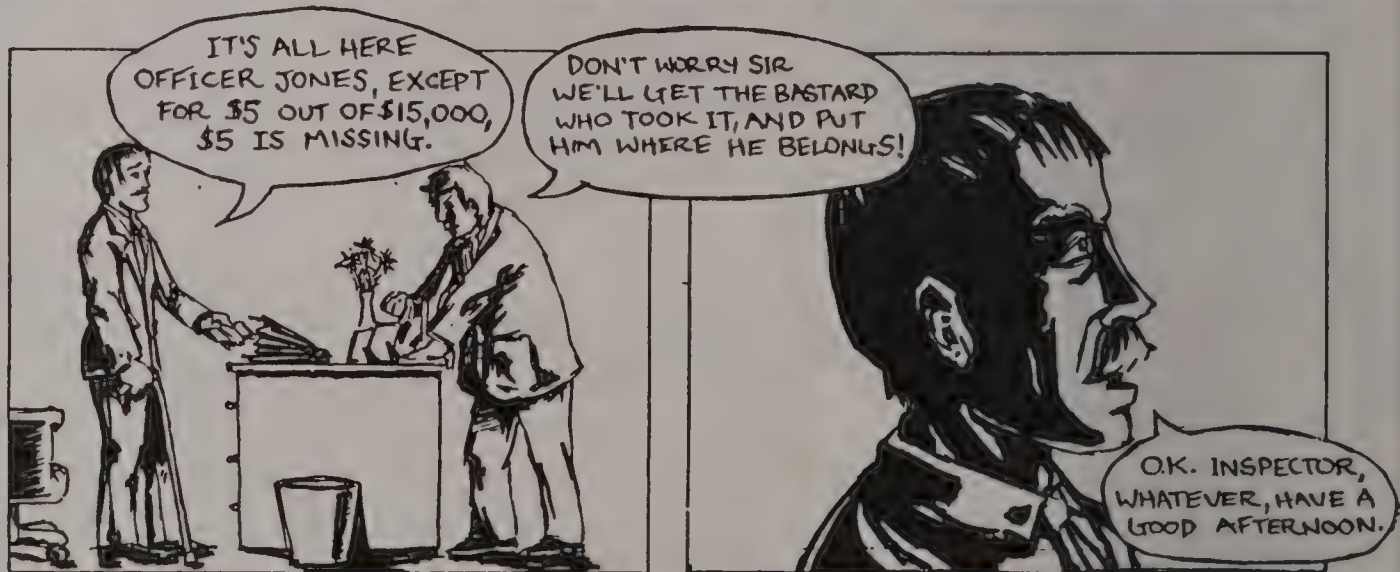


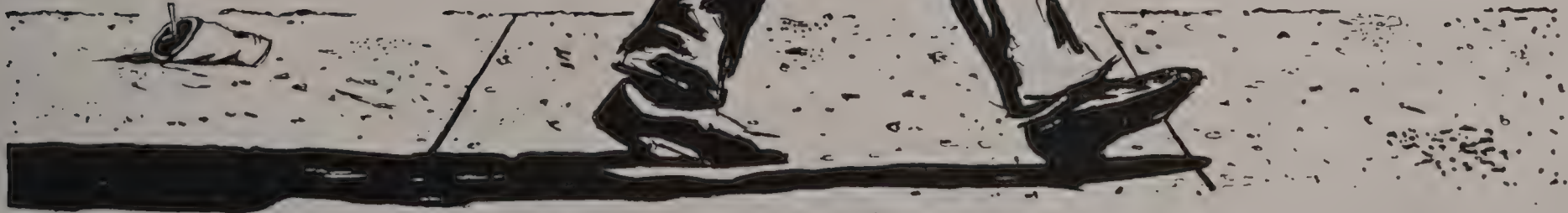
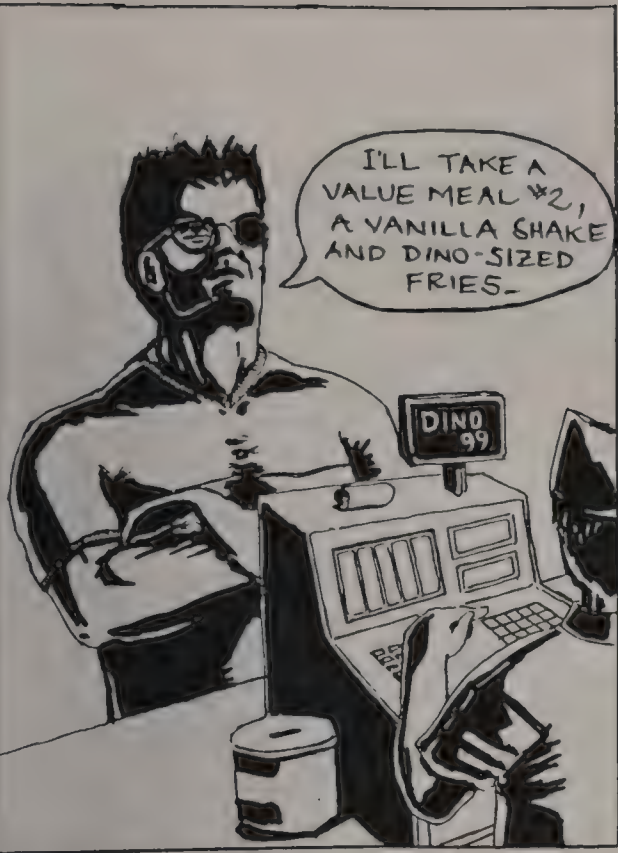
WHAT I TELL
YA "NO PROBLEMO."











ART- JIM D'ANIELLO
STORY- ALEX KOUCHADJIAN

THE END
TO BE CONTINUED.....

THE SEVERED HEAD!

SO LONG
JOHNNY
"JOE"
BOB!

SEE YA LATER
BUTCH. I'M GONNA
TALK TA
CHARLIE!

JOHNNY
JOE BOB!
OL' PAL!

HEY CHARLIE, YOU OLD
FART! MY DEAD GRANDMA
SPLITS WOOD BETTER
THAN YOU! HAW! HAW!

YOU'RE
QUITE A
CARD!
HAR! HAR!

AHEM!
HA.
HA.

SMACK!

There she
goes Folks!

OOPS!

I EVEN
SPLIT THIS
HUGE PILE
OF WOOD IN
ONLY A
1/2 HOUR!!

CALL
THAT
HUGE?
YOU
LOSER!

GIMME
A TRY
CHARLIE!
I'LL SHOW
YA FAST!

I'LL GET YOU
JOHNNY!
I'LL GET
YOU!!!

YOU IDIOT!
WHY COULDN'T
YOU BE
MORE
CAREFUL!

MY CAR!

IT'S ONLY THE
WINDOW, YOU
BIG BABY!
WHY'D YOU
PARK IT THERE
FOR ANYWAY?

CHARLIE! PUT
DOWN THAT AXE!
WHAT ARE YOU
DOING? I DON'T
UNDERSTAND! WHY?
WHY!

HEY MAN!
IT'S NOT
MY FAULT!
IT'S THAT
DAMN AXE!



HERE'S HIS HEAD!
HA HA HA HA HA HA HA



© 1994
MIKE ROY

Present Day South America.
Archeological dig of Aztec ruins.

"Professor Hendruff, I'm going to
explore the new wing we found
last night."

"Be careful, we don't know how
strudy that section is yet!"

Here they are !
"I was right!"

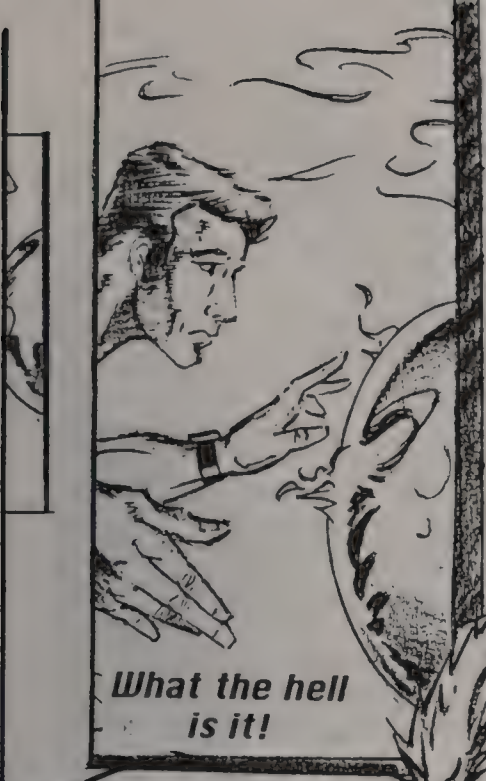
*I couldn't tell Hendruff without
being totally sure. When I left last
night some of the hieroglyphics
seemed to suggest something odd.*

*I can't seem to make out
this last symbol. I've never
seen anything like it before.*

"I wonder..."

"My God! Hendruff is gonna
shit a brick the size of
King Kong's prostate cancer"

"Forget Hendruff. I think I just
shit that load!"



What the hell
is it!

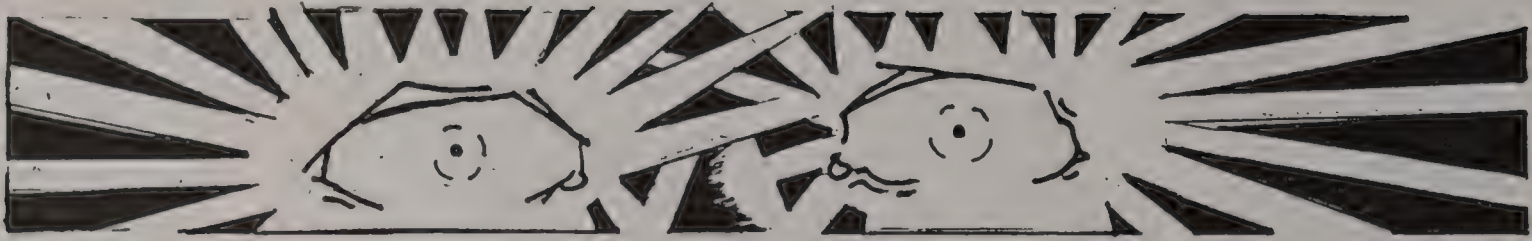


Auughh!!!



Aaiiii!!!

Wha... What's happening?



Where am I?



don't understand.



Honey,
What's the matter?



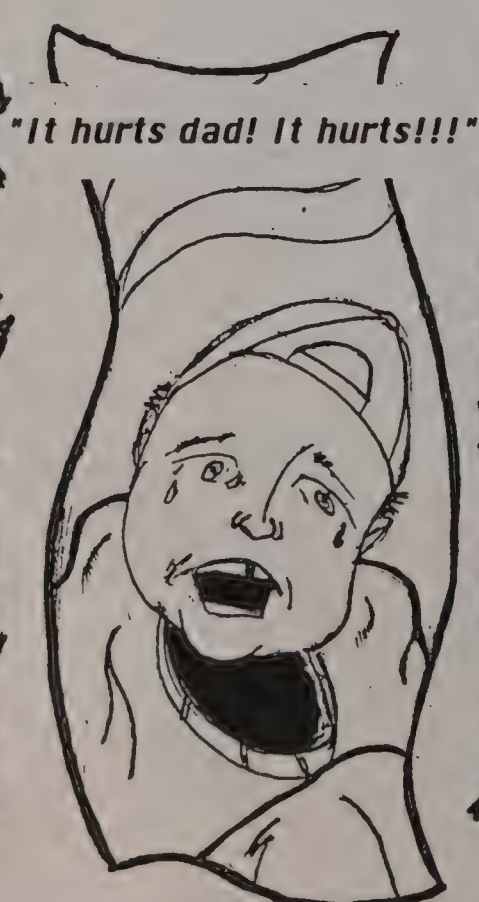
Everthing's O.K.!



Hey dad!



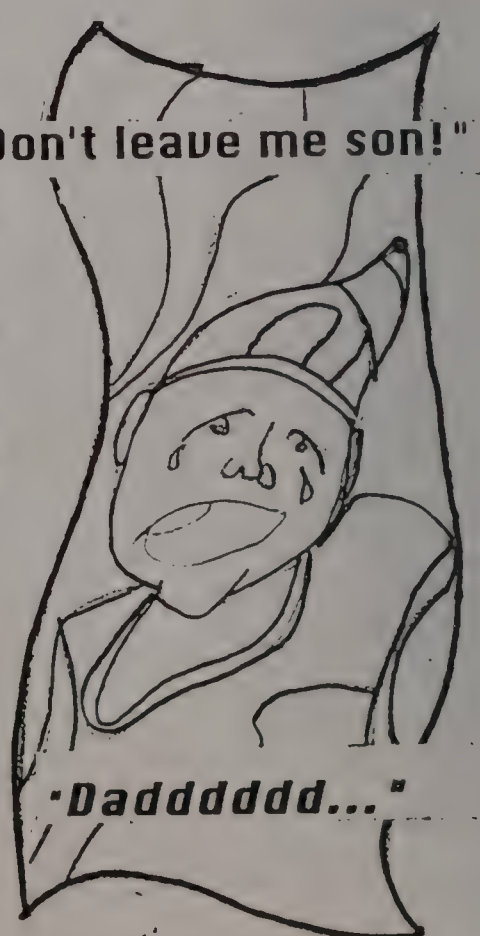
Everthing's O.K.III



"It hurts dad! It hurts!!!"



"Go ahead and
help him hon.!"



"Don't leave me son!"

"Daddddddd..."

"I paid my Alimony!!!

Get the fuck away-
you money sucking leech!!!"

NOOOOO!!!

Dinner time...

Sweetheart!

Aaiiii!!!

Am I Dead?

Where am I?

Yes, the temple.

I Have returned!!! HA HA HA HA

HA

HA!!!

Inks, plots and pencils by:

Eric Bouffard And Jason Chin

Editing by: Kim Fletcher

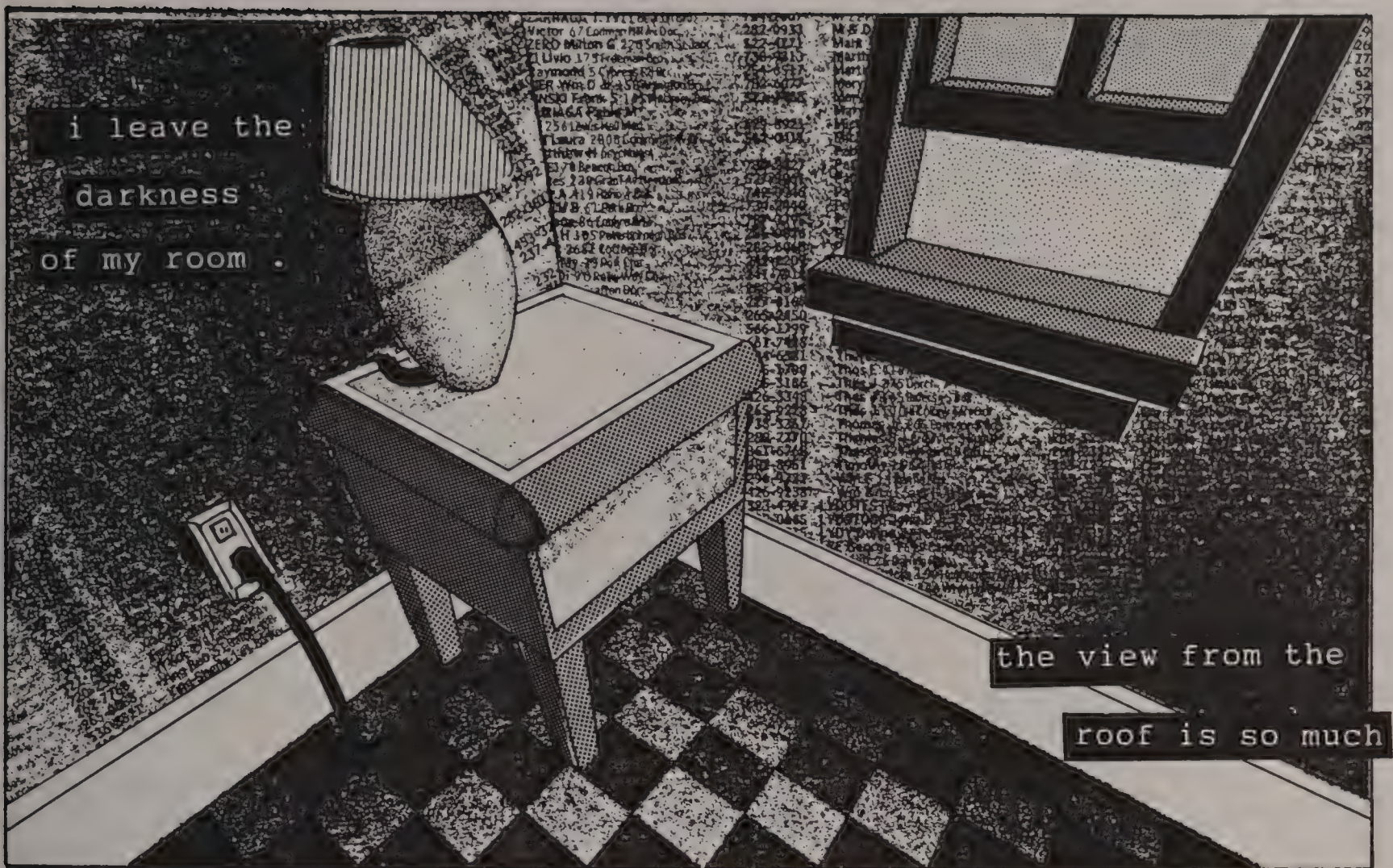
TO BE Continued.

P A U L A L I X

Mister 27



copyright 1994 .

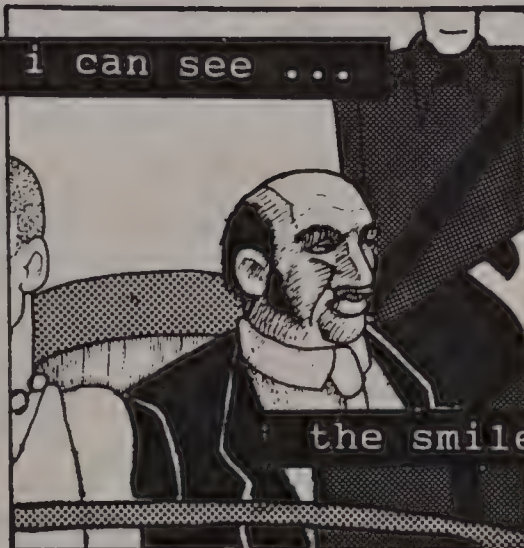


i leave the
darkness
of my room .

the view from the
roof is so much

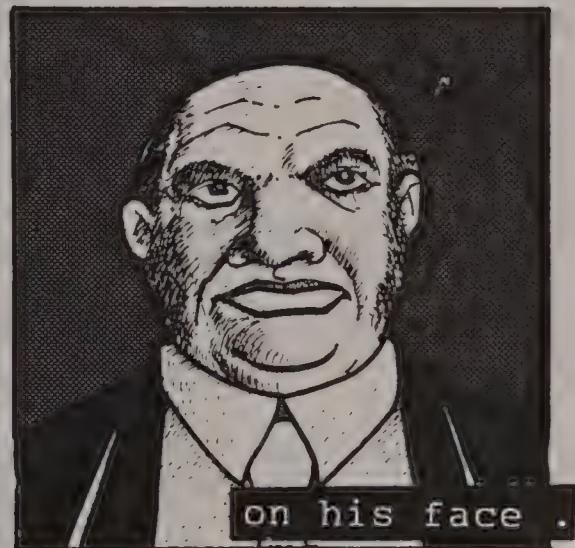


better .



i can see ...

the smile

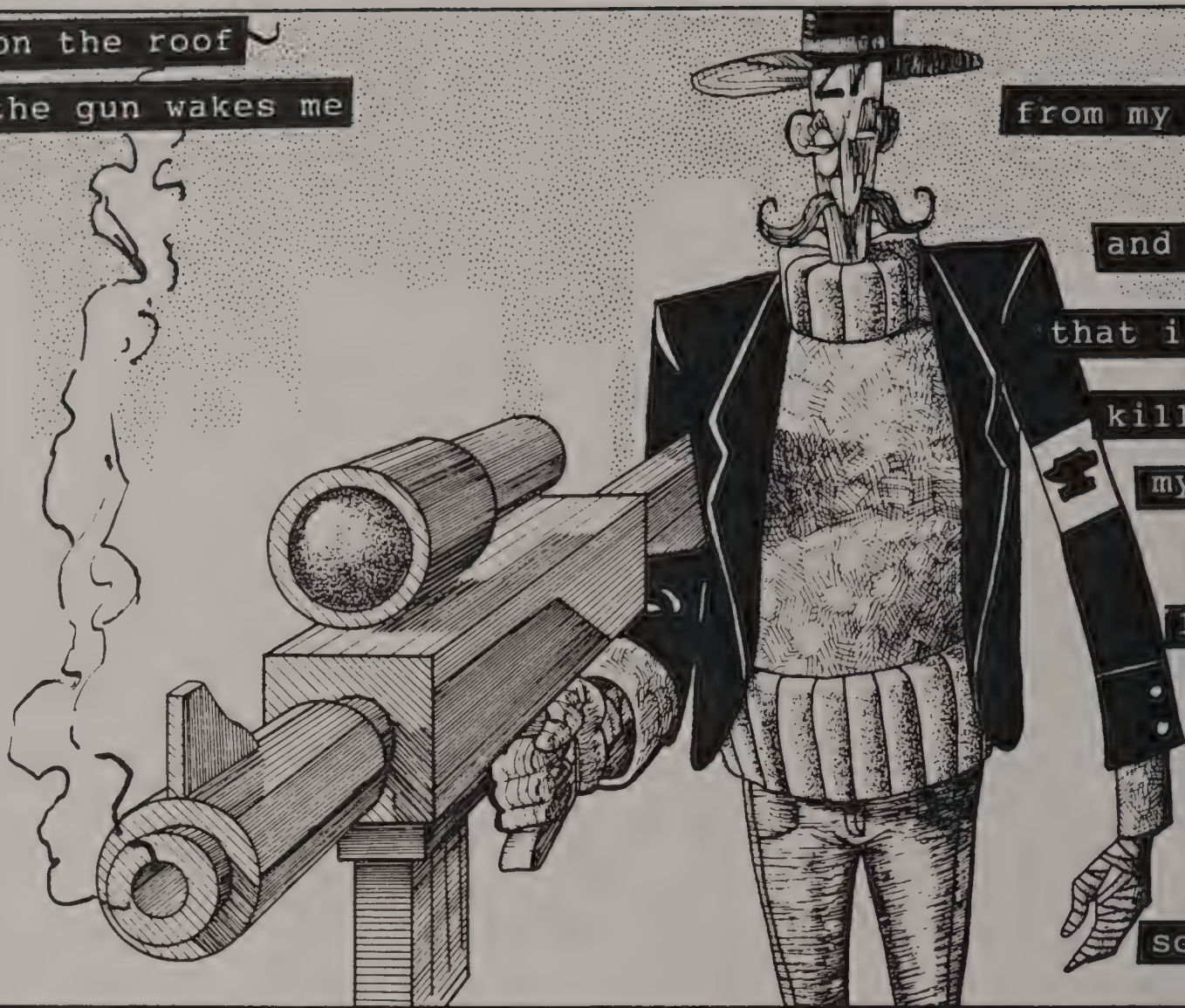


on his face .



i can tell he has
something on his mind .

i am on the roof
when the gun wakes me



from my daydream .

and i realize
that i have just
killed again .

my job is
funny
like that

sometimes .

everything looks strange



and unfamiliar .
the way i am dressed

, the gun in my hand .
all part of a mission
i do not understand .



but the killing seems
to be a constant .



something i always

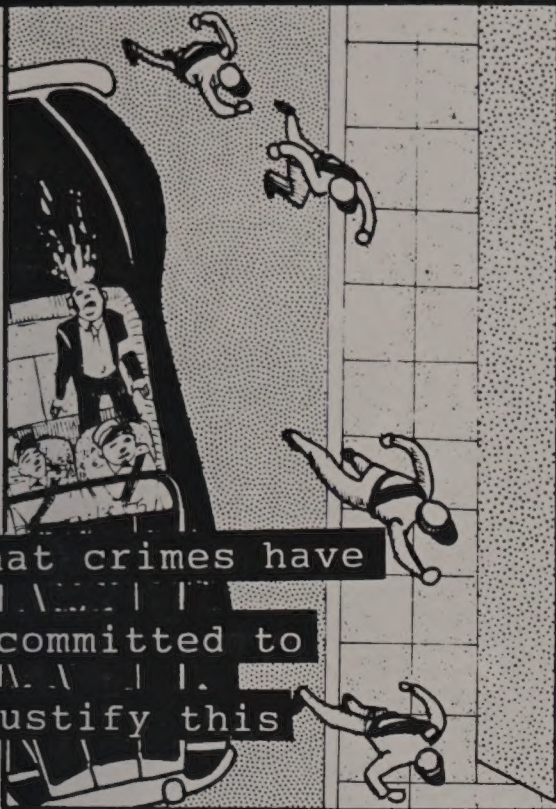
come back to .



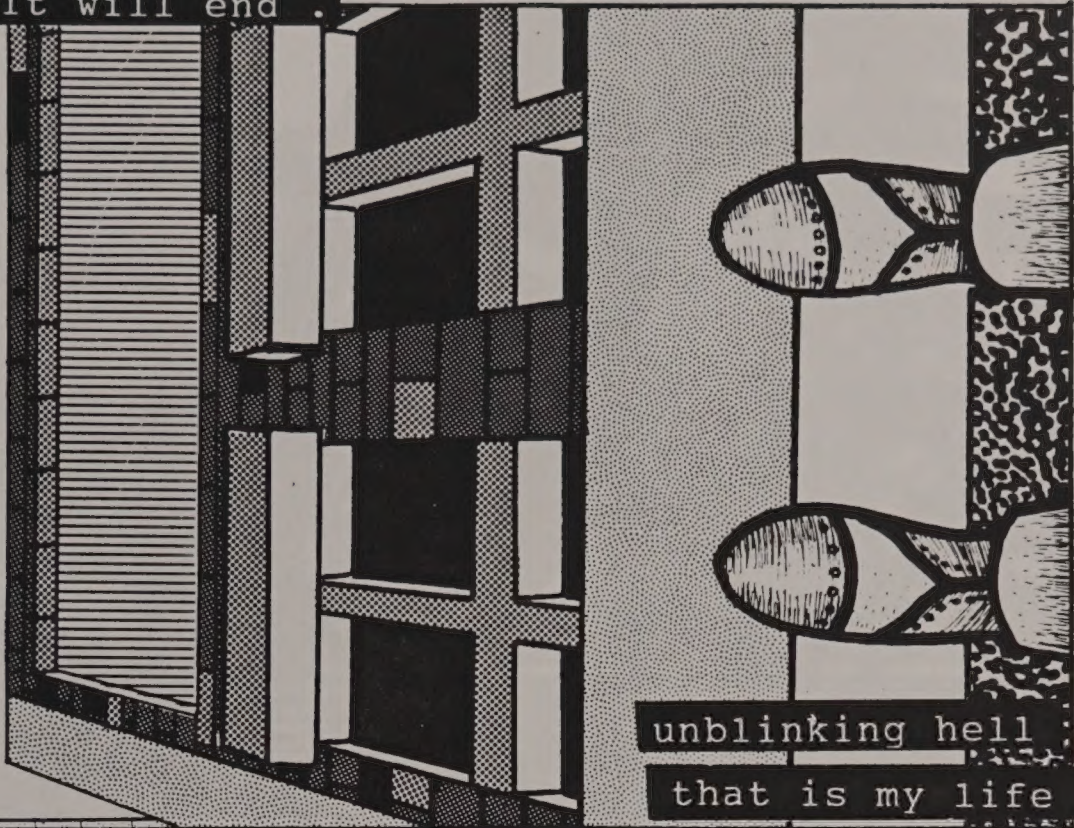
i know

what is coming next .

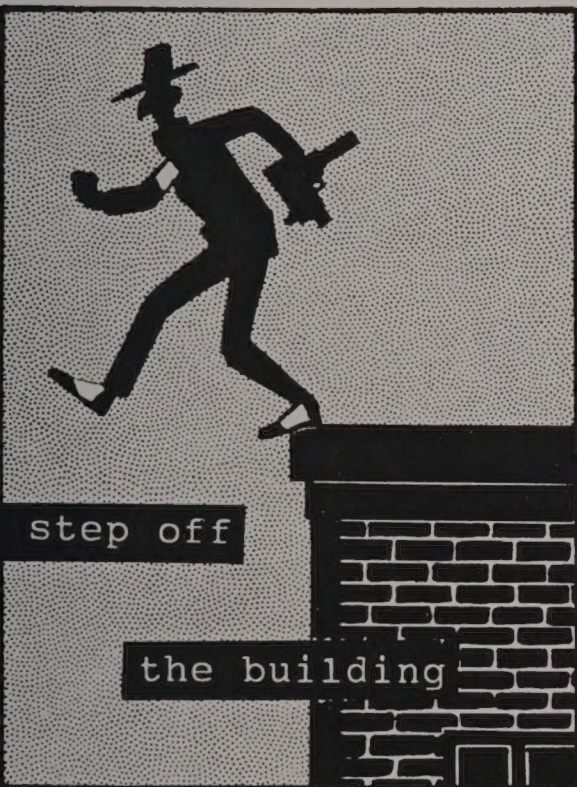
sometimes i wonder when it will end .



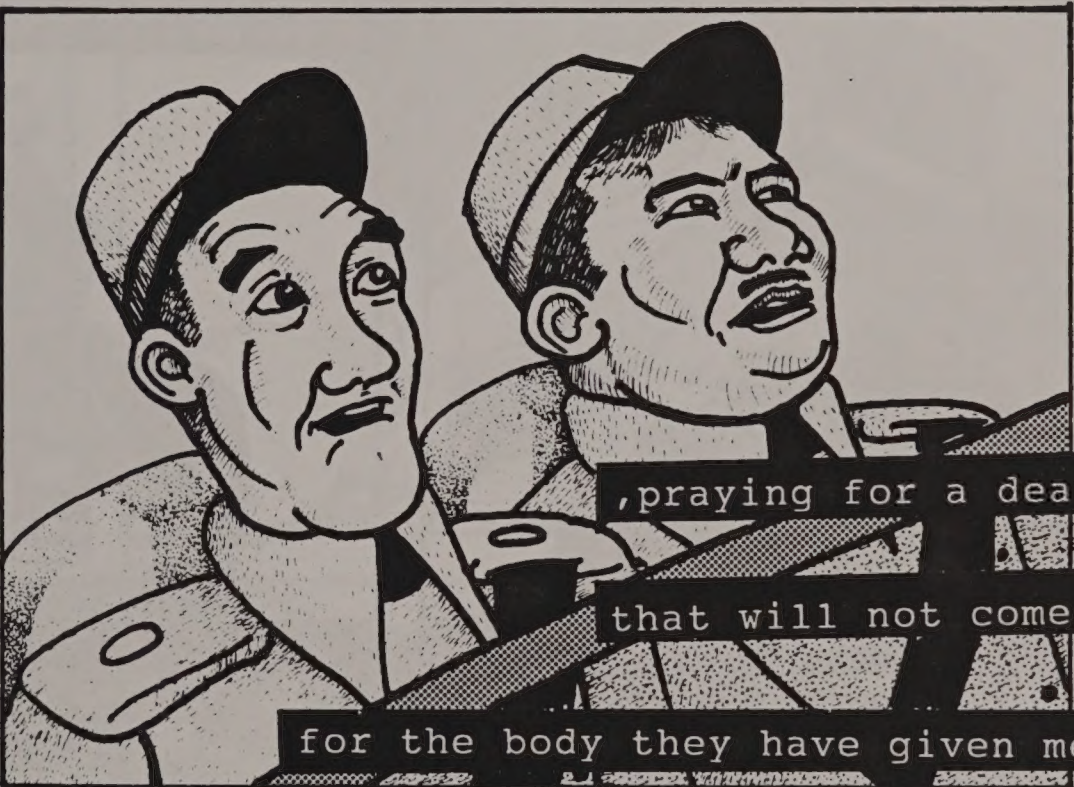
what crimes have
i committed to
justify this



unblinking hell
that is my life .



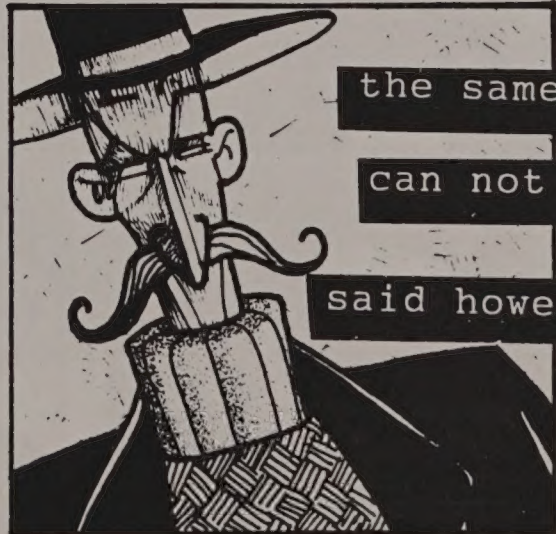
i step off
the building



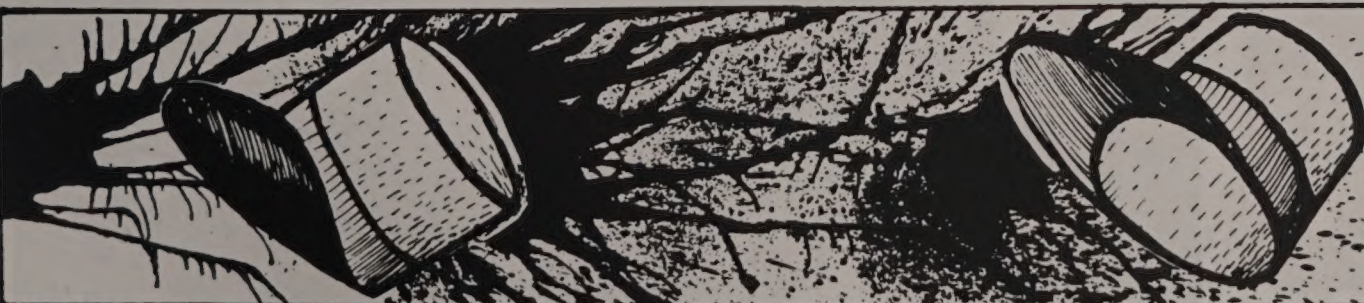
,praying for a death
that will not come .
for the body they have given me



,is not bound by such limitations .

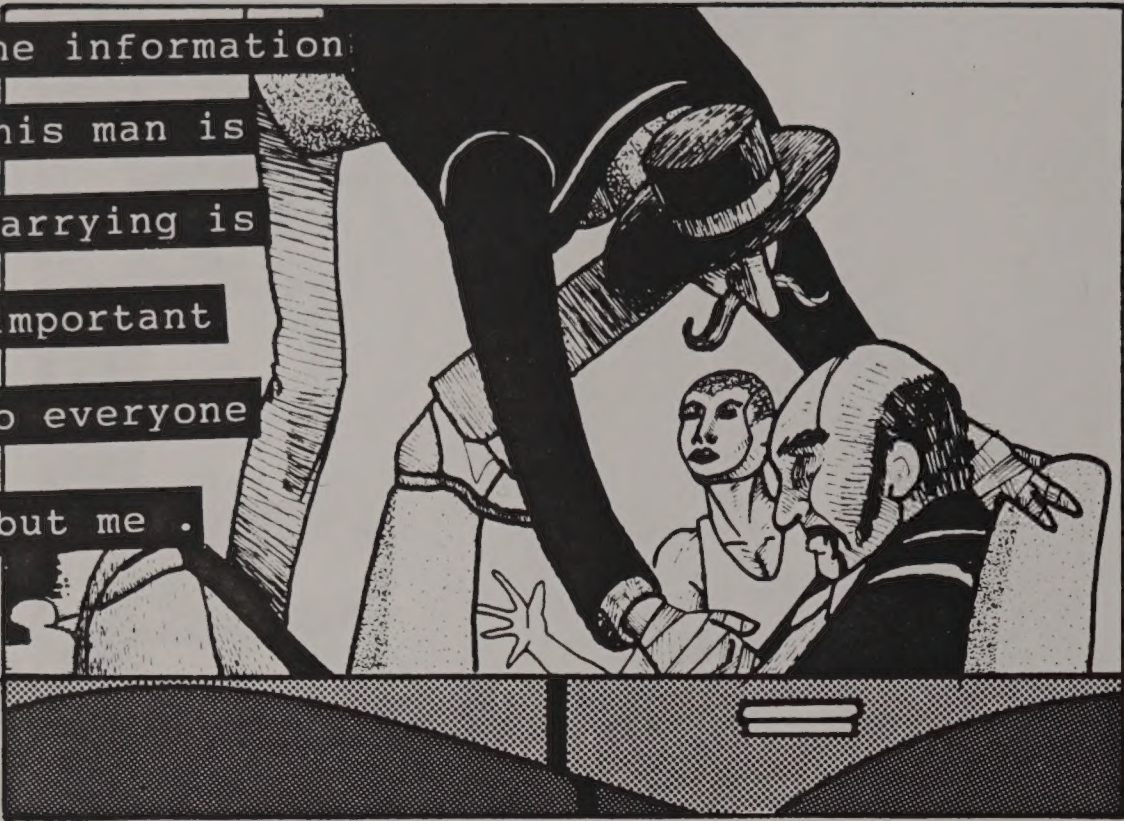


the same
can not be
said however



,of the
two men
in the
front seat .

the information
this man is
carrying is
important
to everyone
,but me .



it is just another



part of my job .

,provided she behaves properly .



the woman is to live

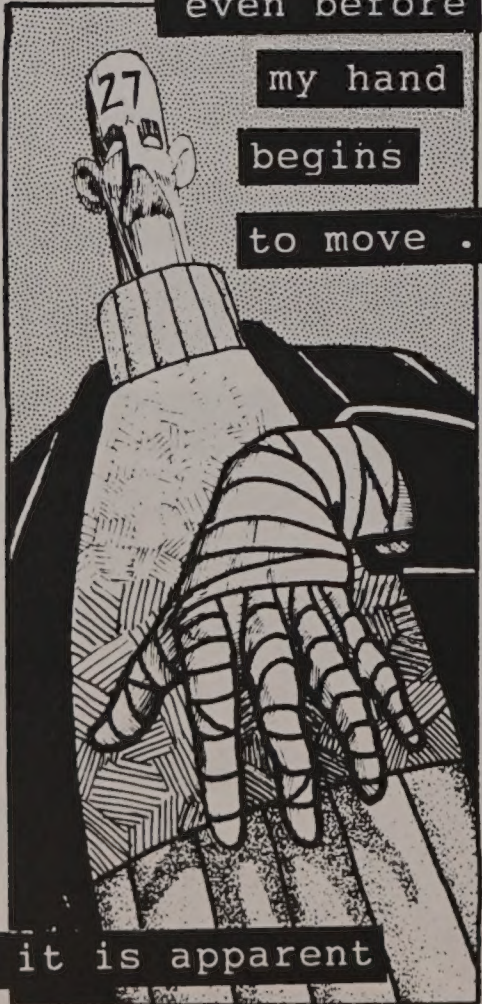


even before

my hand

begins

to move .



it is apparent



she has not .

my soul goes

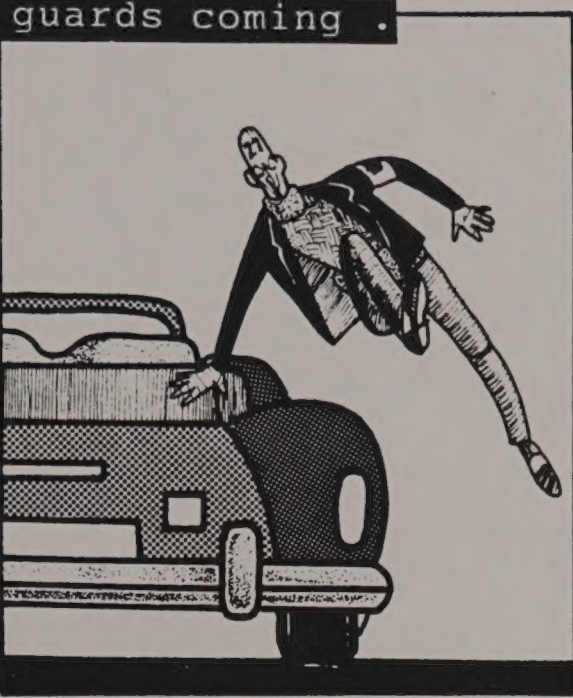
a shade

darker .

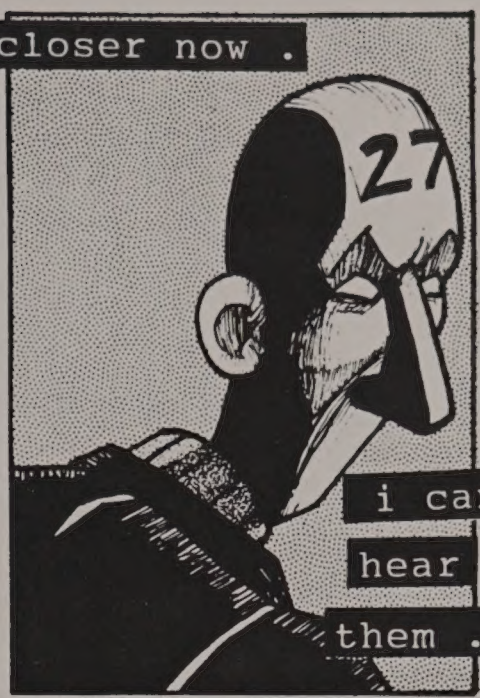




guards coming .

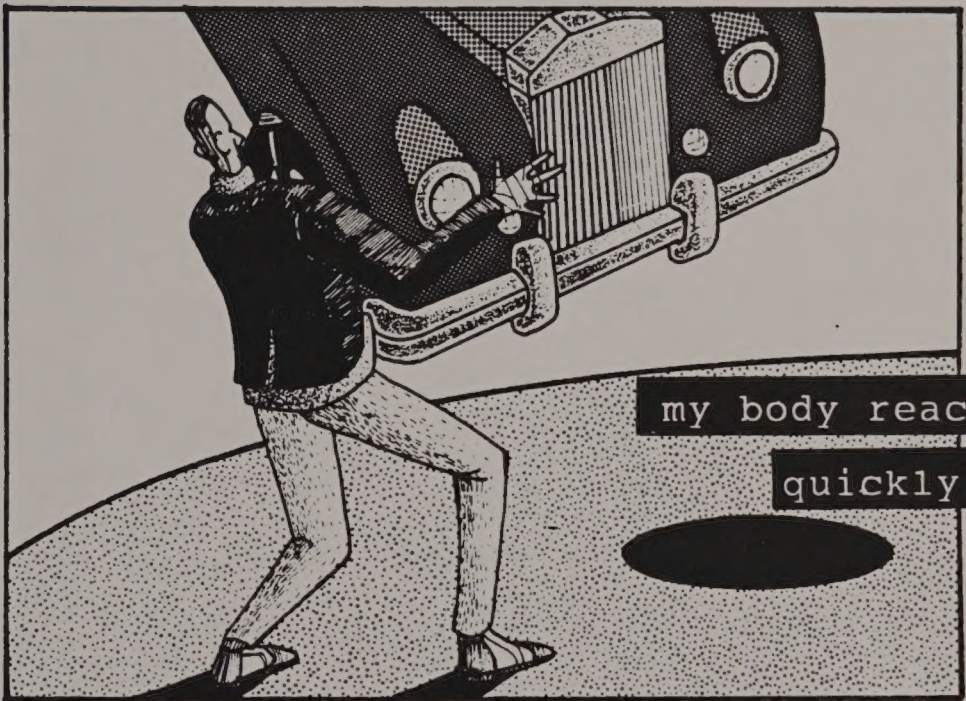
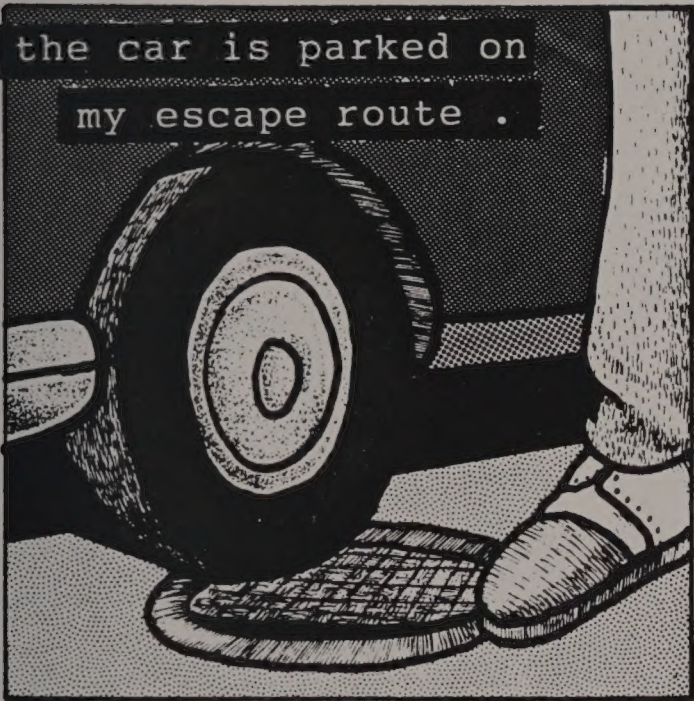


closer now .



i can
hear
them .

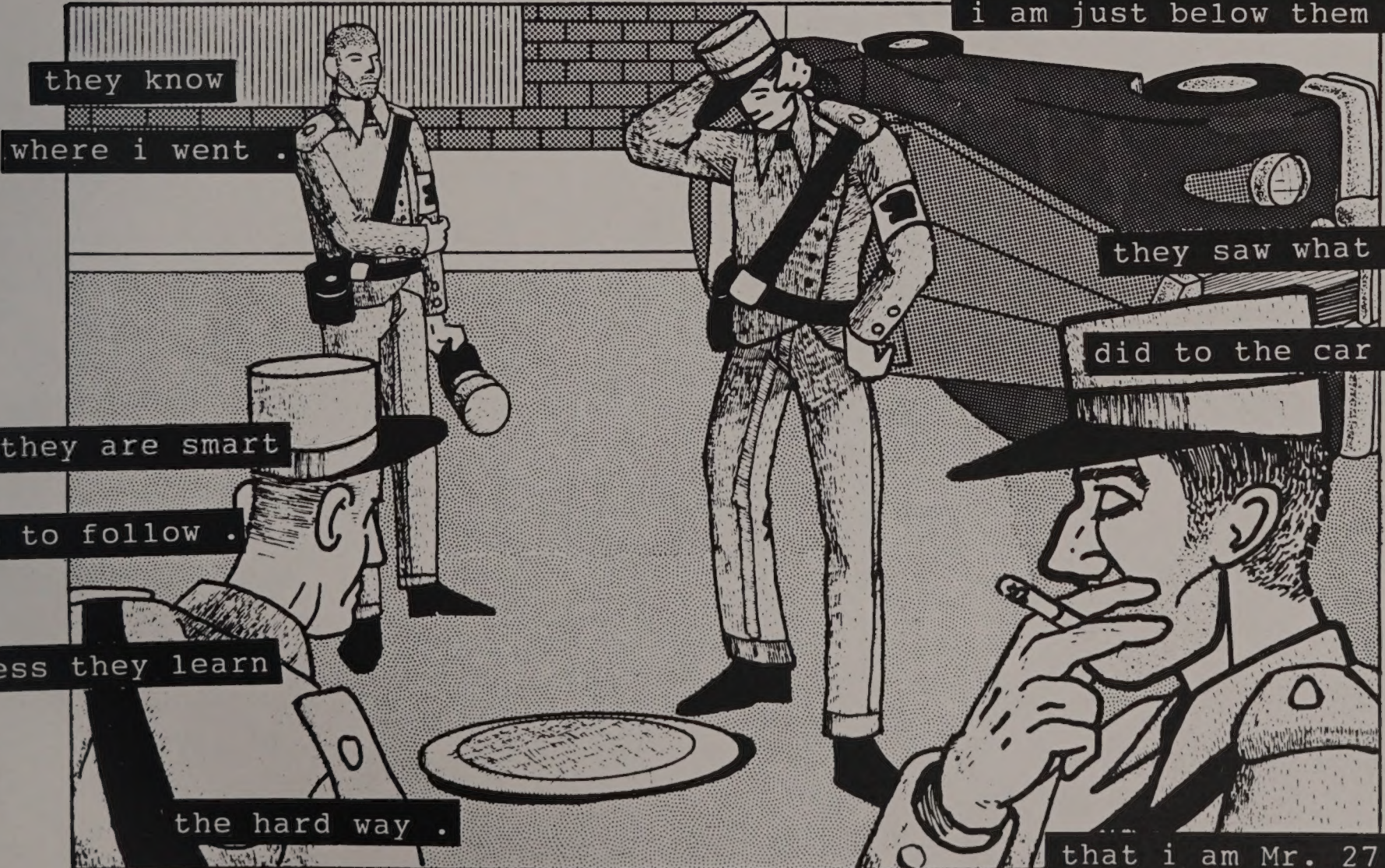
the car is parked on
my escape route .



my body reacts
quickly .

i am just below them .

they know
where i went .



they saw what i
did to the car .

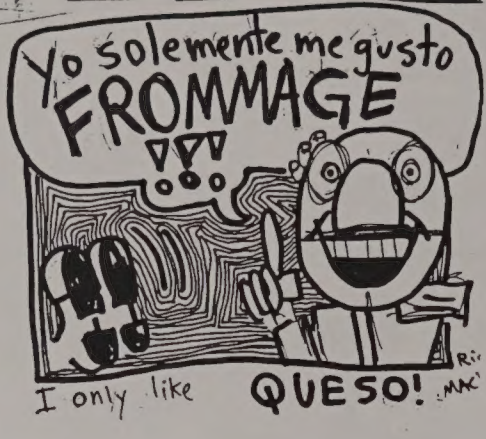
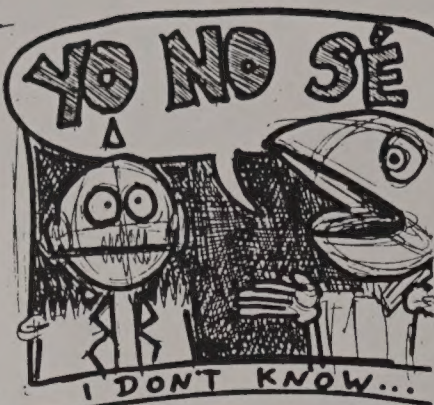
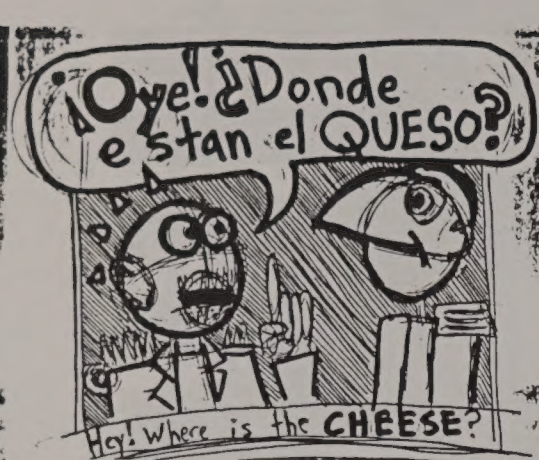
they are smart

not to follow .

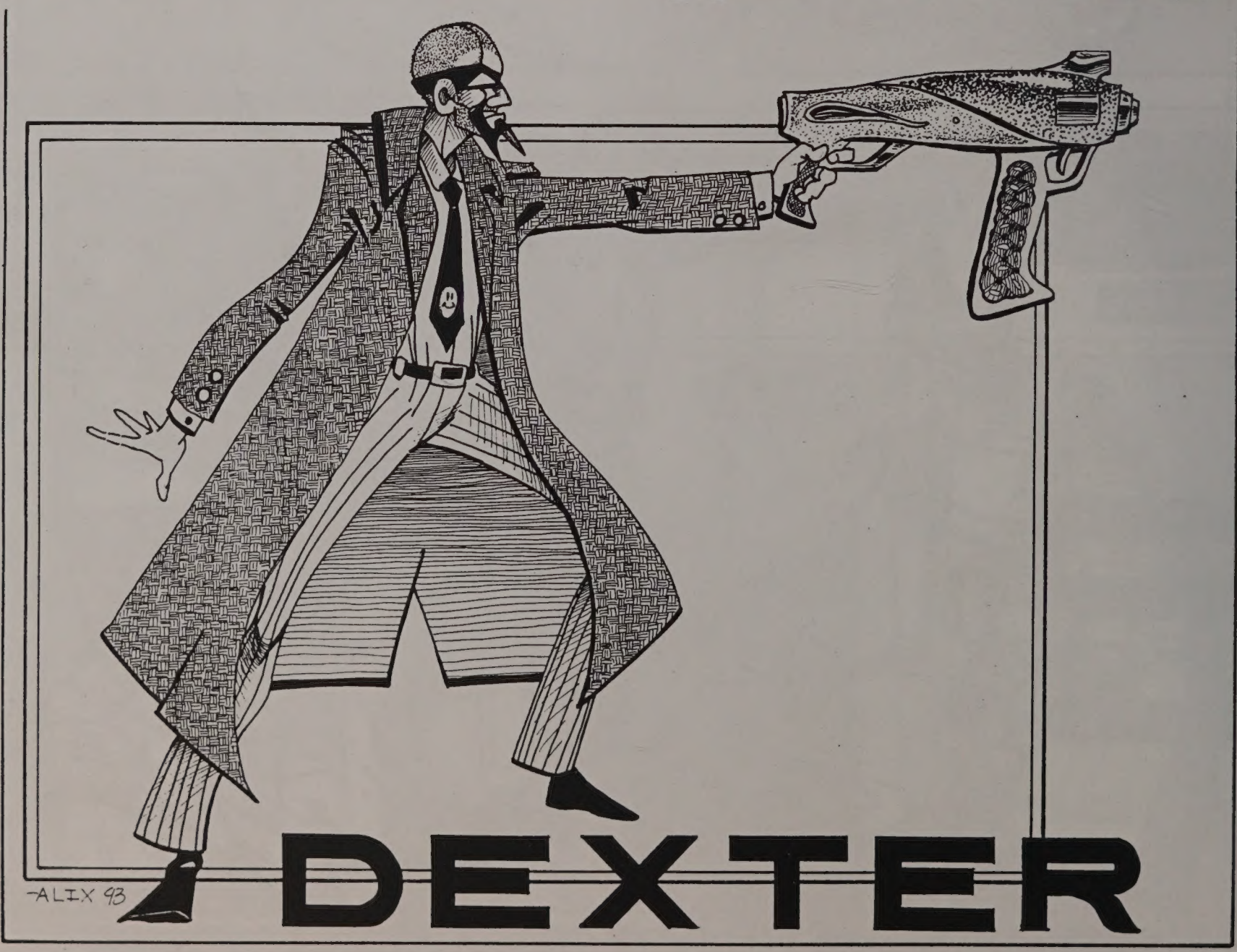
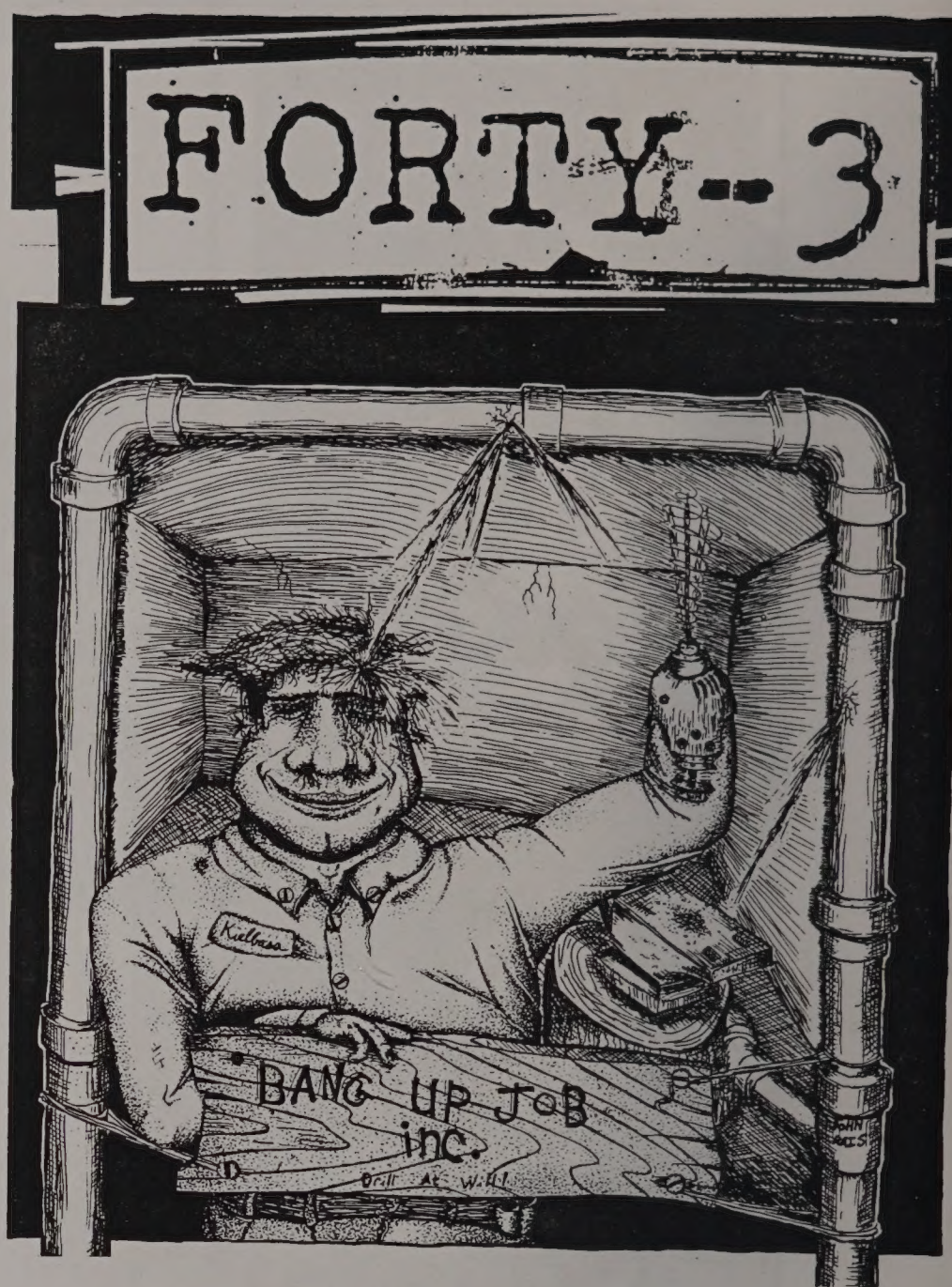
less they learn

the hard way .

that i am Mr. 27 .



FORTY-3



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